The Lipton System of Business

By Sir Thomas Lipton, K. C. V. O.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
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By

Herbert E. Hamblen

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D. 1728

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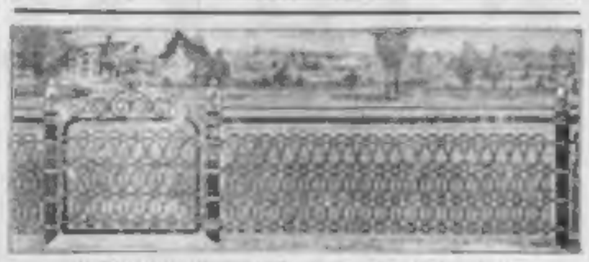

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The Lipton System of Business

By Sir Thomas Lipton, K.C.V.O.

THERE is no royal road to riches, and, in a business as big as mine, no back lane. My methods are open, and anybody can see them. A successful concern is created and maintained by the recognition of great facts and obvious principles—the growth of population and the increased facilities of inter-communication among men and nations. These are the great factors in forming great businesses. To supply the many instead of the few, to handle large instead of small quantities, and to be the grower, the manufacturer, as well as the vendor and retailer—to do all this is to adopt, in short, a system of business obvious and open to all.

The Lipton Receipt for Prosperity

If I proceed to speak of my own application of these principles, and of the individual qualities necessary to work them out in the details of business, I fear I must fall back on some very old saws. My receipt for prosperity, in such a concern as mine, is at the disposal of all. Here it is: "Work hard, deal honestly, be enterprising, exercise careful judgment, advertise freely but judiciously."

Though he who drives fat oxen need not himself be fat, a captain of industry must live up to his name—must himself be industrious. That is my belief and it has been my practice all my life. Beginning work at an early age, I left Glasgow for New York, in the hope of finding shorter avenues to fortune than the old country afforded. I got experience, at any rate—in New York city, on a South Carolina plantation, and elsewhere. I got a little purse together, too; enough to take me back to Glasgow and my parents, to better whose position was then the mainspring of my effort and ambition.

The Growth of a Gigantic Business

"Never despair; keep pushing on!" was my motto during all that time of struggle. No successes have been sweeter to me than those early ones which my parents shared with me. In High Street, Glasgow, was opened the first of the provision marts which are now numbered by hundreds through England, Ireland and Scotland. That multiplication of places of distribution was the application, once again, of the great wholesale principles. Expenses of production and of supply decreased as the consumption and the demand increased. I was able to go to my native Ireland as a great buyer of her produce; by degrees I got my own tea plantation in Ceylon; my own carts and ships and ice-storage vans; my own fruit gardens in Kent; my own biscuit factory; my own tin factory. London by degrees became the great centre for collection, for storage and for distribution: and the monster warehouses in the City Road are the result.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two interesting contributions by Sir Thomas Lipton which have appeared exclusively in The Saturday Evening Post. The first, which was published in The Saturday Evening Post of May 11, 1901, was a statement of his views on The Sports that Make the Man. The second gives Sir Thomas' business philosophy so far as it is possible to do so in words.

It has been said that a certain attention to business is necessary, even for failing in it. Yes; and that gives some clue to the immense attention bestowed by a successful organizer upon his child—his business. To foster it like a child; to know it cannot thrive by itself; to keep an ever-watchful eye on its thousand details; to tie its very shoestrings, so to speak; and, above all, to do these things one's self and not leave them to the less interested—to do the work that others would do only a little less well—all this is the way to make the baby of a business thrive and come to a flourishing maturity.

The details of a small business are many; of a great business they are multitudinous. By the number of the details of his work that a man can personally master, one may usually judge of his capacity for success. There are men with a singular grasp of this or that—of a certain limited branch in the great organism of a business, but, outside that special branch, they lack interest and even common intelligence. This may seem to say that the mind capable of large interests and great issues is rare; but I do not intend to say that. The rarity consists rather in the mind of large interests that is able to concentrate itself upon small details and be the master of a hundred branches of a trade, working in all with one object, but having in each, perhaps, a different method of procedure and a separate spirit.

The Studies of a Master Trader

Far less facile, for instance, is the mind required in the management of an estate. The manager of a business must have a mind that travels—even as his goods do. Often I have proved to myself the truth of Daniel Defoe's words:

"An estate is a pond, but trade is a spring."

In my case, the spring soon became a brook, the brook a rivulet, the rivulet a river rich and with innumerable tributaries, and navigable for great ships. It is perhaps not too fanciful to say that the master trader's consciousness must follow those tributaries to their own sources. Tea-planting in Ceylon, for instance, involves some knowledge of native labor, therefore of native life. Through agriculture the producer touches geology, botany, chemistry, as well as the history of races. It would be unfair to be ignorant of the conditions and circumstances of one's laborers. Under all skies they are sensible of a fellow-feeling. One of the first students of public economy in France in the nineteenth century said that all the difference between a liberal and successful enterprise, and one that was tyrannical and unpromising, lay between the two phrases in the mouth of the master:

"Go to work" and "Come to work."

He said that in farming, at any rate, "Go to work" meant ultimate failure, and "Come to work," with ordinary luck, led securely to fortune.

Even amongst people accustomed not only to be commanded but driven, the industry of the overseer, who is present, has its sure effect, and the attention of the master who is seen at intervals has its undeniable influence. How much more is this the case in the European workshop and in the complex work of distribution! Here also there is a ready response to the beginnings of profit-sharing. In the agricultural system of one of the best tilled districts of Europe—central Italy—the cultivator shares the gross profits with the landlord. This is very far from the English system of wages: but I find that a little interest may be pleasantly combined with the routine of the employee. My packers are at work, so many to a table, and I give a bonus to be divided amongst the workers at the table that shows the greatest number of finished packages. A zealous workman thus not only earns his own gratuity, but helps to earn his comrades', and is in favor with them. Thus emulation is combined with good-fellowship, and money-making with a little fun.

Hard Work a Light Burden

How much value I place on industry, and how I believe in devoted hard work at the thing once for all accepted as a man's "calling" in life, may be seen from the fact that even at this stage of my career I generally work from nine in the morning to ten at night. It has been said by many who have a right to speak, that labor is never anything but painful, however willingly undertaken and courageously done. But I think this was the conclusion of men who had one of two kinds of labor to do—the entirely physical and the entirely mental. It is painful to stoop under a burden all day, and "the man with the hoe" is not one of the favorites of fortune.

Nor is the philosopher grappling with infinities anything else than a voluntary martyr. But a mingling of the kinds of work, a variety of interests and of fortunes, the labor of the directing head and that of the obedient hand, the change that traveling brings, even when it is traveling for a purpose—all these make of business anything but a painful vocation.

The Talisman that Brings Success

What more can I say in answer to your queries? I hardly know. Work, work, always work, is the only talisman. The goods of life are not unfairly apportioned, as some suppose. The man of leisure and of "pleasure" can hardly complain if he is not also a man of wealth and of health. Success in one career is the reward of sacrifices made for its sake.

I do not say that hard work has not its own liberty, its own enlargement, its own relaxation. It has all these. It has also its own romance—a romance that does not exist for the mere dilettante. The trifler trifles even with happiness. I think that a man who makes a great business must put himself into it; but I do not mean by that that he must necessarily become a machine. Against that notion I would put a long list of names, beginning with Peabody and not ending with Carnegie.

Poems of the Old Plantation

By Paul Laurence Dunbar

The Boogah Man

W'EN de evenin' shadders
Come a-glidin' down,
Fallin' black an' heavy
Ovah hill an' town,
Ef you listen keerful,
Keerful ez you kin,
So's you boun' to notice
Des a drappin' pin;
Den you'll hyeah a funny
Soun' ercross de lan';
Lay low; dat's de callin'
Of de Boogah Man!

Woo-oo, woo-oo!
Hyeah him ez he go erlong de way;
Woo-oo, woo-oo!
Dow' you wish de night 'ud tu'n to day?
Woo-oo, woo-oo!
Hide yo' little peepers 'hind yo' han';
Woo-oo, woo-oo!
Callin' of de Boogah Man.

W'en de win's a-shiverin'
Thoo de gloomy lane,
An' dey comes de patterin'
Of de evenin' rain,
W'en de owl's a-hootin',
Out dah in de wood,
Don' you wish, my honey,
Dat you had been good?
'Tain't no use to try to
Snuggle up to Dan;
Bless you, dat's de callin'
Of de Boogah Man!

Ef you loves yo' mammy,
An' you min's yo' pap,
Ef you nevah wriggles
Outen Sukey's lap;
Ef you says yo' "Lay me"
Evah single night
'Fo dey tucks de kivers
An' puts out de light,
Den de rain kin pattah,
Win' blow lak a fan,
But you needn' bothha
'Bout de Boogah Man!

The Visitor

LITTLE lady at de do'
W'y you stan' dey knockin'?
Nevah seen you ac' befo'
In er way so shockin'.
Don' you know de sin it is
Fu' to git my temper riz
W'en I's got de rheumatiz
An' my jints is lockin'?

NO, ol' Miss ain't sont you down,
Don' you tell no story;
I been seed you hangin' 'roun'
Dis hyeah te'itory.
You des come fu' me to tell
You a tale, an' I ain'—well—
Look hyeah, what is dat I smell?
Steamin' victuals? Glory!

COME in, Missy, how you do?
Come up by de fiah,
I was jokin', chile, wid you;
Bring dat basket nighah.
Huh uh, ain' dat lak ol' Miss,
Sen'in' me a feas' lak dis?
Rheumatiz cain't stop my bliss,
Case I's feelin' spryah.

CHICKEN meat an' gravy, too,
Hot an' still a-heatin';
Good ol' sweet pertater stew;
Missy b'lieves in treatin'.
Des set down, you blessed chile,
Daddy got to t'ink a while,
Den a story mek you smile
W'en he git thoo eatin'.

A Plantation Portrait

HAIN'T you see my Mandy Lou,
Is it true?
Whaih you been f'om day to day,
Whaih, I say?
Dat you say you nevah seen
Dis hyeah queen
Walkin' roun' f'om fiel' to street
Smilin' sweet.

Slendah ez a saplin' tree;
Seems to me
W'en de win' blow f'om de bay
She jes' sway
Lak de reg'lar saplin' do
Ef hit's grew
Straight an' graceful, 'dout a limb
Sweet an' slim.

Browner den de frushe's wing,
An' she sing
Lak he mek his wa'ble ring
In de spring;
But she sholy beat de frush,
Hyeah me, hush:
W'en she sing, huh teef kin show
White ez snow.

Eyes ez big an' roun' an' bright
Ez de light
What de moon gives in de prime
Harvest time.
An' huh hain a woolly skein,
Black an' plain.
Hol's you wid a natchul twis'
Close to bliss.

Tendah han's dat mek yo' own
Feel lak stone;
Easy steppin', blessid feet
Small an' sweet.
Hain't you seen my Mandy Lou,
Is it true?
Look at huh befo' she's gone,
Den pass on!

Thompson's Progress—By Cutcliffe Hyne

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— wound his way through the corridors without creak or rustle

Editor's Note—This is the fourth of six striking stories by Mr. Hyne, descriptive of the rise and adventures of Thompson. The first described him as a vagrant poacher, ignorant, but of marvelous skill and cleverness. The second showed how, having conquered an education, he exerted his amazing forcefulness and won a partnership in a mill. The third showed him as a prosperous mill owner, and told how he cleverly forced a penurious man to expend an immense fortune in charity. Each story is complete in itself. The fifth tale will appear September 28.

THE MIGHT-HAVE-BEEN MRS. THOMPSON

THE British Islands are preëminently the country of the sportsman and the animal lover, and amongst country gentlemen there are those who can afford to give all their waking hours to the contemplation of these pursuits. Mr. Thomas Thompson was a man of many interests: the making of money and the gathering together of the reins of power into his hands took up much of his time; but he contrived to apportion a part of each week to sport, and it was hard to find any one, even amongst those who dedicated a life span to it, who could follow more accurately the habits of game animals and birds. A poacher he had been in his pre-opulent days, and a poacher he remained even after he had arrived at considerable fortune, through sheer inability to tear himself away from the illegitimate joys of a lonely raid.

It was a poaching exploit which brought him first into touch with the lady who afterward became his wife, and though he appeared before her then in the poorest of lights, and inspired her merely with disgust and contempt, it was typical of him that even whilst he was conscious that her eye fell upon him with undiluted scorn, he determined that somehow or other she should go through the marriage service in his company. Moreover, at the time he was engaged to another woman, and had parted from her not half a day before.

At that date it was the solid custom of Bradford business men to apply themselves steadily to their affairs without intermission. They took holiday on Sundays and Christmas—that is, they only thought and planned on these days and put no pen to paper, and when they went to chapel they made it quite clear that besides their cash contributions, the time which they were giving to the Almighty had also its high pecuniary value.

Tom, with no respect for tradition to start upon, never allowed himself to get entangled too much by local custom. He found that he could work best, and that the brightest ideas came to him, when he was moving about and in the open air, and so around he moved, building up business connections in France, Germany and the Continent generally, in North America, and even in China, where the Thompson & Asquith "Chop" was a trade-mark which found very high Celestial favor. Hophni Asquith was a perfect partner for him. Hophni was a sedentary creature, with no originality, but a wonderful genius for carrying out to the letter Tom's instructions, and a whole-hearted love for routine. Hophni's one miserable week-day of the year was Christmas Day, when custom forced him to take a vacation, and he looked forward with pleasure to those rare years when Christmas sensibly fell on a Sunday, and there was no useless frittering away of good working time.

Hophni during all his life had paid attention to one woman only, loving her from the first and always, and had married early. Tom had announced himself as "not a marrying man," had taken a keen delight in women's society, and remained a bachelor at twenty-nine. By that time he was a man of considerable wealth, was asked out to everything that was going in which marriageable young women were concerned, and one day it struck him that he was wasting more time over this kind of thing than he could strictly afford. This frivoling about with the other sex, and enjoying their society, was interfering with that rapid advancement of the fortunes of T. Thompson, which was the principal occupation of his life. So with characteristic decision he made up his mind to marry, as the simplest means of choking off some of his invitations; and with characteristic quickness he there and then ran through the list of his acquaintances, made a choice, laid especial siege to the lady, and was engaged to her by that day week. He had spent four whole evenings over the job, and considered that the expenditure of time was lavish.

The young woman of his conquest was the only daughter of another Bradford manufacturer. Her father, being a self-made man, recognized the value of education, and had given her the best procurable. As a consequence, she could sing, drive a horse, speak her three languages, play the piano, dress well and dance, and manage a house. She used the local accent for her English, but only in its more modified form. She had passable good looks, and knew how to carry her hands. She would have a dot of £18,000 on her wedding day, and a prospect of inheriting some £150,000 from her father on some later occasion. Her name as a spinster was Emily Outhwaite, and she was quite convinced that, as a signature, Emily Thompson would make a better combination.

Once engaged, Tom did the thing properly. He bought a new house, and set about furnishing it in the best style which occurred to him; he was agreeably lavish with presents; and he gave Miss Outhwaite a good deal more of his own personal society than he had ever before bestowed on one single individual outside of business.

But even for the most cautious and calculating of the human species, Chance is a large integral in the prescription of Fortune. If Tom had not gone with the Outhwaites to the Moors Hydropathic Establishment, then a great emporium of middle-class fashion, it is highly probable that Emily would have been his wife, and he would have had to work far harder for his admission to the House of Lords. But as it was, he felt that it was part of the game of courtship to attend her on this outing, and as one consequence Miss Emily Outhwaite never signed herself Thompson.

When Tom went to the place nothing was further from his mind than getting into a poaching embroilment, but the hours and rules of the place undid him. They treated him to a bad high tea instead of dinner; they filled the evening with amateur singing and some piano torture which jarred upon his musical tastes; and at 10:15 lights went out as a gentle hint that the hour had arrived for bed. The people who went to hydropathic establishments took themselves

seriously in those days, and submitted to a tyranny which in more liberal times would have been looked upon as fanatical.

Tom went to bed at 10:15. He impressed firmly upon himself that as he was about to marry he ought to settle down. Moreover, being a man of tremendous will, he went to sleep at once—also on the settling-down principle. But there Nature stepped in. Nature had endowed him with the faculty of getting all the rest his mind and body needed in four out of the twenty-four hours, and so at about 2:30 A. M. Tom's eyes snapped open and (according to his quick habit) there he was, broad awake.

Again the restlessness of the man was his bane. His brain would not submit to lie empty. He picked up some business matters into his thoughts, hammered them through, and presently had need to get up and apply himself to pencil and paper. He had an idea for an improvement in the Jacquard and sketched it out in form ready for the draftsman. A pattern in worsted coatings revealed itself to him after much disentanglement from other patterns, and he got it keyed down on paper in those tiny chess-board squares of black and white, which mean so little to the uninitiated layman, and yet explain every stitch of the finished fabric. He reckoned the first invention was worth £10,000, and that the other would bring in Thompson & Asquith a clear £5000, and conceiving that he had done enough toward commerce to satisfy the moment, went to the window and opened the sash.

The pre-dawn mists came in to him cool and sweet; the cackle of frogs sounded dry and insistent from a pond up under the moor; and over the dew-spangled grass the feeding rabbits frolicked in the thin moon-light, spreading the freshness of the coming morn, and leaving behind them dark trails amongst the herbage.

Tom stood there at the open window, torn by two proprietors. Mr. T. Thompson, the affianced husband of Miss Outhwaite, said: "Go back to bed, you fool, and drop those old blackguardly habits of yours. Cultivate respectability, my good sir." But on the other hand, Tom Tom's-Son, the poacher, kept urging: "Come on, lad, and let's have another taste of the old trade." Tom grinned and reached for his clothes.

He went downstairs and wound his way through the corridors without creak or rustle, with his boots in his hand, and a heart beating with pleasant stimulus. He found a door and unlocked it. The keen, moist air outside thrilled him to the bone. "How could men endure to live in houses!" he thought. And then when his boots were laced, away he dived into cover, once more primitive man, happy, and forgetful that such things as trade and marriages of convenience ever formed part of his ambitions.

Although a twelve-stone man, he had acquired the knack from long poaching habit of moving without noise, and to a large extent invisibly. Four times, out of the sheer delight in testing his skill, he laid quick hands on sitting rabbits and lifted them aloft. But he did not want to burden himself with a bag of game just then, and merely taking one along with him as a stand-by against emergencies, he put the other three captives back again on the wet grass with a tweak of the ears by way of farewell, and whispered instructions to keep a sharper lookout for the future.

Everything in the wood gave up interest to him. He eyed over the disused birds' nests on the ground and in the trees, and named their former tenants; he noted the earthworms scurrying home before the near approach of day; he feasted his gaze on three lemon-colored newts in a shallow pool; and from the scantiness of two broods of young pheasants which he saw he deduced that the wood had been badly tended by the keeper, and that either the foxes, or the vermin, or the hooded crows needed a chastening hand.

And then when the dawn came, and with it the cry of the corncrake and the blundering flight of the early bumble-bee, he worked his way down to the riverside, and watched the trout begin to move under the young sunlight. What a pity, he thought, that Emily neither could nor would appreciate any of this! He had sounded her on the matter many times, but she professed a distaste for game otherwise than cooked, and did not care to trace the history of trout further back than the fishmonger's slab. With a bit of a sigh Tom got his eye on a fine fat two-pounder drowsing in a pool under the bank, and presently his fingers (without asking his further opinion on the matter) began to take off his coat.

Then up went the shirt-sleeve, baring a brawny arm, and Tom lay chin-down amongst the dewy grasses on the bank and took a final observation of that trout. Well, it might be tickled with the naked arm, or it might not; the chances lay on "not;" and all Tom's instincts, both business and sporting, always forced him to go hard for complete success in everything he put his mind to.

The water was very bright, and his arm would stand out very white against the yellow clay bottom. He had all of a clean man's dislike for daubing himself unnecessarily, but there was no help for it here if he meant having that trout. So he went farther down stream, found a lump of wet clay, and with it covered his arm and fingers a ground yellow, leaving no spot unsmeared. Then he returned to his place above the contemplative trout. Delicately the yellow fingers dipped into the water without splash or ripple. Delicately the long arm descended, the sharp eyes above directing it, and allowing for the water's refraction. The fingers curved up under the fat trout's belly, just avoiding the tail flukes. Then with the flimsiest, lightest kind of tickling they began to work their way forward.

From an unpracticed hand the trout would have shot away with two tail flicks and one quick flash of silver. But to Tom's poacher's caress it surrendered itself in a sort of ecstasy, merely propelling itself languidly against the stream. With exquisite skill the scamp's fingers edged forward till his thumb hung over the fluttering gills, and then there was a sudden clutch, a fountain of water drops under the early morning sunlight, and the trout flew upward, and fell, a picture of floundering fishy beauty, amongst the dew-flecked grass-blades. Then a crisp, delicate voice from behind said: "I suppose you know you are poaching?"

To say that Tom felt foolish is putting the case mildly. Half the charm of these predatory excursions was the risk of getting caught, and he always prided himself on avoiding it. But here he had allowed himself to become too much wrapped up in his sport, and had not kept one ear sufficiently at the service of intruders; or the lady had stalked him with consummate quietness and art; or both. Anyway, there she was, standing two yards away, and regarding him with a fine contempt.

"A rabbit, also, I see in the pocket of your coat. But I suppose you will say it is not your coat."

A readier man with his tongue than Mr. Thomas Thompson it would have been hard to find in all the West Riding of Yorkshire—which is saying something, for the district is

Delicately the long arm descended, the sharp eyes above directing it

somewhat noted for its glib repartee; but just then speech left him. What a woman was here! He was filled with amazement at the mere sight of her. What a woman for a wife!

"You have no excuse. You must know perfectly well that the river here and the woods are most strictly preserved."

What a voice she had, and what a carriage! She was cheaply, yes, shabbily dressed, but how splendidly she carried her clothes. Emily, even in her most domestic moments, would never have worn a skirt, for instance, of frieze as rough and as faded as that, and Emily in the privacy of her domestic circle could be homely and even slatternly in her attire. But Emily at her smartest never carried clothes like that. Now this was the way that the future Mrs. T. Thompson must carry her clothes.

"You had better come with me to the keeper's lodge, and he will deal with you. Of course I can't trust you to give me your proper name and address."

And the pluck of her! He was a big, burly man, just then very unbrushed, and wet, and clay-smeared, and probably to the female gaze very ruffianly-looking. She must have known that with one hand he could have pitched her into the river with about the same ease with which he had thrown out the trout. Fancy Emily turning on a poaching stranger in this way—Emily, who would no more dream of going out into the early morning woods than she would think of climbing a chimney; Emily, who studied early Victorian female helplessness as a fine art!

"Please don't keep me waiting. Take up your coat—no, don't leave the rabbit or that trout—and go along in front of me to the keeper's. Walk along the river bank there."

Decidedly this woman was the most desirable he had ever seen. Middle height, she was, with dark brown eyes, brown hair, and the most exquisite mouth and teeth imaginable. With a flash he pictured to himself how magnificent she would look in the evening, and how regally she would wear diamonds. His tastes ran rather violently to diamonds in those days. He wished he could give her a great handful of diamonds there and then, just for the momentary pleasure of seeing her in a different setting. But it came to him at that moment that although he had been devouring her with his eyes, so far he had not opened his lips, and so with an effort he pulled himself together and made a blurt for it.

"I haven't an atom of excuse to offer you. Of course I was poaching, and for that matter you saw me at it with your own eyes. The net bag is one rabbit and one trout, which are very much at your service if you will let me send them up to your house. I could have taken about sixteen times as much if I had happened to be on the kill. You were talking of your keeper. You ought to make that man attend more to his work. The pheasants up yonder are bringing off disgracefully small broods."

The lady's tone grew more icy. "Ah," she said, putting her head back, and looking him up and down; "I took you for a tramp. Am I wrong? Are you one of the people from that hydropathic place on the hill?"

Tom knelt down again at the water's edge, and began washing the clay from his arm. "Yes, I'm staying at the Hydro, and if you want to send a summons you can address it there to T. Thompson. But on the whole, would it not be simplest if you were to let me rent the sporting rights of the estate on a lease? I heard they were to let. You must be a Miss Norreys, I suppose?"

"I know nothing about whether the shootings are to let or not. You had better see my father's agent if the matter interests you. But for the present, I know they remain in our hands, and I must ask you to take yourself back to the public roads, or to your Hydro."

The amount of delicate contempt Miss Norreys put into that popular abbreviation "Hydro" filled Tom's soul to the brim with delight. Indeed her whole uncompromising attitude seemed to him exquisite. She had nothing for him but contempt, and he loved her for it. No first impressions or first meeting could possibly have been more out of his favor, but the circumstance did not ruffle him in the slightest. He intended to make this young woman his wife, and that the operation would be attended with infinite difficulty would only add to its interest. There were obstacles in the way; he was himself engaged to some one else, and for anything he knew she might be also; but these impediments must be honorably removed. She carried no wedding ring on her marriage finger, and as he finished washing the clay from his arm, and rolled down his shirt-sleeve, he took a very pious vow to himself to put one there; and as he pulled on his coat he sketched out in plan the first trenches of his campaign.

"I'll send the trout up for your breakfast."

"Please throw it into the river."

Tom laughed delightedly. "Not I. If you won't have it, I'll take it myself, and it shall be stuffed. One of these days later you shall see it for yourself."

With which, without giving the lady time for a further reply, he swung off his cap to her and strode away.

He did not go straight back to the Moors Hydropathic Establishment. After his custom, when a peculiarly knotty point presented itself, he went up on to the heather, and lay there in a quiet nook thinking it through, till at last he saw his plan clearly. Then he went down again, met Miss Outhwaite, and noticed with singular distaste that she was wearing diamonds for breakfast. As an engaged young woman she assumed a proprietary air with him, and for the first time in his life he began to question as to whether her public endearments were exactly in good taste. He was somehow convinced that Miss Norreys would not say "Yes, love," and "No, love," and "Pass the buttered bread, love," at the public table of a hydropathic establishment.

After breakfast they walked together in the grounds, carefully keeping to the paths for fear of wet feet.

"You know what I told you about my poaching tastes, Emily?"

"Yes, love. But why go into that again? We're going to forget all that when you marry and settle down."

"I've got to tell you it will never be forgotten. It's just part of me, like working and making money. If you want a confession, here's one. I was at it again this morning."

"Oh, how silly of you."

"And if I stay in this stifling Hydro, and go to bed early, I shall probably do the same thing again to-morrow."

"Didums," said Miss Outhwaite, and laid her head upon his shoulder. "It shall go poaching every morning if that pleases it."

"I got caught, too, and there's a summons hanging over me this minute."

"Then I'll go without part of my next present, love, and you can bribe them to let you off."

What can one do with an accommodating young woman like this? Tom finished out his walk—on the dry paths—and then pleaded business. He suggested that Emily should play croquet. She retorted coquettishly enough that a Mr. Hardcastle, who was also staying in the house, had already invited her to be his companion in that exhilarating game. Tom did not recommend Hardcastle; he was too knowing for that; but he went away with a most heartfelt prayer that Hardcastle would prove an enterprising young man of eloping tendencies.

Thereafter Tom got his horse, and that intelligent animal, knowing his master's weakness for speed, and having soft turf-edges to move upon, sent the miles flying behind him. A train whirled Tom into Bradford, and his legs carried him sharply across to his bank. Another half-minute saw him in the manager's room with the door shut. It took him sixty seconds to outline his scheme and explain the amount of financial backing he required.

The bank manager pursed his lips in a noiseless whistle. "I knew you weren't exactly scared of size in your speculations, Tom, but you aren't exactly all Bradford, you know."

"I'm not asking you to hold the dog. You'll have the wool as your security, and for cover against a drop in prices you've Thompson & Asquith. I won't insult your intelligence by telling you what that firm would squeeze out to at a pinch."

"No, Tom, I know what your firm's worth, about as well as you do yourself. It's my business to know. But it's a mountain of brass you're asking for."

"You can split your holding. And if you don't care for the offer"—Tom gently indicated with his thumb that there was another bank open for business not very far away. "Besides, as I told you, I'm willing to pay through the nose for the accommodation. It will make you the biggest year your bank has ever had."

"Or the worst."

"I always thought you'd an idea T. Thompson was a pretty level-headed sort of business man. I started with practically nothing when I joined Hophni Asquith not very long ago, and you know what I have put together. Now does it strike you that I'd deliberately speculate with all I've got, credit and cash, on one throw of the game, unless I'd a pretty good certainty of getting it all back again—with feathers on it?"

"Never knew a man yet who went into a speculation without assuring me he was dead sure to come out a winner. Wouldn't something smaller satisfy you?"

"No. Nibbling at it would be simply chucking the money away. It's a corner or nothing."

The bank manager stabbed patterns in his blotting paper.

Tom looked at his watch. "Well?"

"I back T. Thompson. Subject, of course, to my other two partners' approval. I've got to consult them on a big affair like this."

"They'll agree. I know what you say goes. You won't regret it. Good-by. See you again when it's over."

Curiously enough Hophni Asquith fell in love with the scheme at once. Few financial speculations were too wild for Hophni's taste, though if any one had hinted that he was a gambler he would have bristled out as a picture of outraged propriety. Yet gambler he was, and gambler Tom was not. Tom's speculations to the uninitiated might many of them look perilously risky, but Tom never touched anything that he did not see through to the further side of, and he tended the intermediate steps with a care which would have surprised many people who only saw the apparent ease with which his coups came off.

"Now, lad," said Tom, "you're a bit of a fool to go in on what I've told you so far. I haven't yet shown you the thing that'll clinch it"—he clapped down a rough sketch on the desk. "How's that? I've had those improvements in mind for long enough, but this morning about three o'clock I awoke and lit a candle, and got them down on paper. Is the sketch good enough to draw from?"

"Splendid. I'll get out the working drawings myself. We must keep it between our own four eyes. It won't do to risk letting this slip out."

"Not much. And then get the parts made quietly at different shops. It will take no time to assemble them when they are all ready. And we won't take out a provisional specification till the very last moment."

Hophni pulled delightedly at his square red whisker. "There'll be a perfect rage over this when we get it out. It will double the consumption of Botany yarns."

"No, it won't, lad. There's only a certain amount of Botany wool here in England, and you can't expand it. But if it doesn't send prices flying up, I'm a German. Only prices are down just now, and down they must stay till we are through with our buying. The fools still shy at this Botany wool. By goy! if they could only see a little further than their noses we'd be rushed by half the big capitalists in Europe. But as it is, we shall get in cheap, and we'll make our pile, and in another year or two's time we'll be as big capitalists as any of them."

"Wool sales begin to-morrow. We've a buyer of our own now. Are you going to give him orders?"

"I doubt his nerve. I shall go up to town to-night myself. Besides"—here Tom grinned—"somebody will have to satisfy the brokers that Thompson & Asquith have enough backing to see it through. I think the Lord built my tongue specially for a job like that."

Tom went out then, and called at his solicitor's. "Do you know Mr. Norreys?" he asked.

"Know of him. Proud old fellow. His people have owned the place out there four hundred years."

"And I cropped up yesterday. Yes, I see the point of view. Lot of sons, hasn't he?"

"One. Five daughters. I know them all by sight rather well. We meet occasionally."

"There's one of the daughters with dark brown eyes. Stands five feet three and a half. Brown hair"—Tom went through with an accurate description.

"Oh, yes, that will be Mary; she's rather different from the rest. You seem to have got her pretty well off by heart."

"I've just seen her once, but she struck me. Much obliged for the information. I may want something more from you later, but that's all just now. Good-by."

Tom's quick walk took him next to an upstairs room where a shabby man was painting.

"Hullo, Tom, it's a wonder to see you in business hours"—Tom was looking sharply around the walls. "Surely you are too much of a Philistine to think of buying one of my pictures. Oh, I forgot, though. You're going to be married, aren't you, you lucky dog? You want something to hang on the walls of your dining-room? Now this——"

"Look here, Mr. Robins. Can you do me a commission?"

"Certainly."

"A portrait?"

"As good as one of the R. A.'s, though I say it who am a luckless scarecrow. Twenty guineas is my usual fee, but to an old friend like you——"

"I'd like to make the fee two hundred if you'll swallow one single condition."

The poor man's eyes twinkled. "Don't humbug me now, Tom."

"I only want your word of honor as a gentleman to keep the thing quiet, ask no questions, and hold my name out of the matter altogether to all inquirers."

"That all seems easy. Then who is the subject? I suppose your young——"

"H'm! I want you to do me a picture of Miss Mary Norreys, and I don't want an acre of it. The smaller the better. Not more than eight inches long, anyway. Rather have a miniature if that is in your line."

"But Miss Mary Norreys is not your——"

"Look here, Mr. Robins, let us stick to the bargain. You must not ask questions."

"Well," said the artist scratching his chin, "I suppose I may laugh?"

"You may laugh," grinned Tom, "till you crackle if it pleases you. But you musn't talk, that's all. How you'll get your view of the lady, I don't know. You must arrange that somehow or other by your own wit. Only get the picture for me, and get a good one."

"And keep my head shut. I quite understand, Tom; you're an excellent patron of art. I hope you will find a new one every week."

"New what? Oh, I see. Confound your guessing." And off Tom took himself, back to the bustle of business, and that night took train up to London.

Now in those days Australia was young, and her export of the fine merino wool was correspondingly small; but still the value of the total clip ran into very large figures. In the London salesrooms, where now broker after broker comes on to the rostrum, and the buyers yell themselves hoarse from the semi-circle of benches above, there is ten times the competition to-day that there was then. Now there are buyers from America and from the Continent. Then England manufactured for the world, and used up all the material. And as a consequence, if the English demand for Botany wool happened to be small, there were no other buyers to put strength into the market.

Thompson & Asquith, through their buyer, started bidding for the very first lots, and got them at such low prices that the auctioneer watered the purchase with Hebraic tears. But as they went on, other buyers who had to have some wool pressed them harder, and prices rose, but still they bought. Prices came up to the normal, and passed it. The excitement increased. Thompson & Asquith's buyer, with a white, strained face, still bought, and as the auctioneer accepted his bids, it was presumed that Thompson & Asquith had given sufficient guarantee of their ability to pay.

Still the prices grew higher. Here and there some outsider, who frantically skied a lot, had it knocked down to him, often to his considerable discomfort; but between whiles Thompson & Asquith bought steadily. They were paying now exactly double what they had given for the first lots, although the wool was all more or less of the same quality.

Then they practically stopped. They had got two-thirds of the entire clip, and the remaining buyers with yarns to deliver, and looms to feed, and contracts to fulfill, snatched up the rest at prices that grew hysterical.

When Tom returned from London he found that the fine spinners and the others of Bradford business men who used Botany wools were by no means pleased with him. Accordingly they put their heads together, and presently were buying and selling wool on 'Change amongst themselves, and every day the Bradford Spectator, in its wool report, continued to mark a fall in prices.

Down dropped prices, and further down. The firm of Thompson & Asquith began to be "talked about." The official quotation of Botany wools dropped between eightpence and tenpence in a week, and no one, except the insiders, seemed to grasp the fact that there were practically no sales. Finally a couple of small firms who had been speculating around the fringe of the market, without understanding in the least what was going on, called meetings of their creditors, and then there was a regular flare-up of panic.

Again, to the real insiders there was no difference in the situation. Very little wool had changed hands since the sales. Wool was wanted on all sides. And Thompson & Asquith were sitting tight on the supplies. But a few of the smaller men, who had little ballast, lost their heads, and this constituted the panic, and it was used for all it was worth. At such a time rumors fly on easy wing, and the market reporter would be less than human if he did not pick them up. The next morning's contents bill of the Spectator reflected the spirit of the moment. Thus it ran:

RUMORED HEAVY FAILURE
ENORMOUS LIABILITY
WILD SPECULATION

Tom proposed to himself a visit to Emily that evening to see how she took it all. But Mr. Outhwaite forestalled him. He called at the Thompson & Asquith office and exhibited a good deal of violence. A ten-minute stream of words ended up with a refusal "to let my doughter wed wi' any chap that gives himself up to this 'ere immoral specylation."

"We're not bankrupt, if that's what you mean," said Tom, thinking he must put in some defense.

"It's t' principle I'm against, not t' result."

Tom choked down an "Oh, is it?" He said, instead, that he should only take his dismissal from Emily herself.

"I thought there'd be some sort of foolery like that. You young folks nowadays think you are to have everything your own way, and your elders need be consulted about note. But my Emily does as her father bids, and if you want her view on t' matter, it's here packed close i' this letter which she wrote herself. We won't trouble you to call."

As Mr. Outhwaite went out of one door, the pallid Hophni came in at the other, rubbing his hands. "All those parts are ready now, Tom. I've ordered them to be sent round here. We can assemble them in our own engineer's shop. The whole thing can be set up by the day after to-morrow. What about that provisional specification? I was round at the patent agent's yesterday. It's all drawn out."

"Then send it up by to-night's mail to be filed. We'll stop this panic quick now. It's gone on long enough. It's cost me my girl, anyway."

"Why, what do you mean? Engagement broken off?"

"Yes. Old Outhwaite's just been in. Didn't you hear him shouting?"

"Well, Tom, I'm not going to condole with you. Louisa says you never did care tuppence for her, and so you're well out of it. I shouldn't be surprised if you never did marry, Tom. Nor'd Louisa. We don't think you could ever care enough for any woman."

"Man's an uncertain animal, Hophni. You shouldn't bet on him. You go round to the patent agent's, and I'll go and rouse them up on 'Change a bit. I'm sure they will all be pleased to know that we have seen through the whole game, and were ready for it all before it began. And I'm sure it will cheer them, too, to know that with the new machinery that will presently be put on the market there'll be even more demand for Botanies than they guessed at."

Now the inside men above mentioned had kept cool during the panic, thinking that they knew all about it; but when they saw that Thompson & Asquith emulated their coolness, it began to occur to some that there must be more behind than met the eye. Of course there was the bank in the background, but banks do not finance enormous operations without pretty good security, and the inside men began more and more to respect that said security the longer its powers of holding out were exhibited. Finally, when one day the cheerful Tom walked sharply in amongst them, and after a little talk produced a stub of pencil and an envelope and sketched out the points of the new invention, they began to see how nicely they were nipped, and only a few of them availed themselves of the invitation to go around to the mill and see the machine in work for themselves.

They hadn't time to get away just then. They wanted to buy wool, and the Bradford Spectator recorded in its report of that day that certain classes of Botany made the unprecedented jump of one and threepence a pound in the hour. It was not till the end of that hour that Tom commenced selling. He had brought off his coup to perfection, but he did not push success too remorselessly. Let alone the cruelty of the proceeding, it would not have suited either his own firm or Bradford trade deliberately to make firms fail, and so he did not carry his squeeze too deep. But he and Hophni had something on the windy side of £200,000 to divide between them over the affair, and he, Tom, was honorably free to carry on another project which lay very near to his heart.

When he was alone he pulled from his pocket a miniature, and every time he looked at it he realized more and more how really near his heart the matter lay.

"You beauty," he thought, as he feasted his eyes upon the painting; "I wonder how I am to win you. But I'll do it somehow."

And in the dining-room of his new house was a glass case, in which was a plump two-pound trout, delicately poised amongst grasses.

"I wonder," chuckled Tom as he looked at it, "when Mary'll come and laugh over that herself."

Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son

From John Graham, at the Union Stock Yards, in Chicago, to Pierrepont Graham, at the Waldorf-Astoria, in New York.

June 25, 189-

Dear Pierrepont: Your letter of the seventh twists around the point a good deal like a setter pup chasing his tail. But I gather from it that you want to spend a couple of months in Europe before coming on here and getting your nose in the bull-ring. Of course, you are your own boss now, and you ought to be able to judge better than any one else how much time you have to waste, but it seems to me, on general principles, that a young man of twenty-two, who is physically and mentally sound, and who hasn't got a dollar and has never earned one, can't be getting on somebody's pay-roll too quick. And in this connection it is only fair to tell you that I have instructed the cashier to discontinue your allowance after July 15. That gives you two weeks for a vacation—enough to make a sick boy well, or a lazy one lazier.

I hear a good deal about men who won't take vacations, and who kill themselves by overwork, but it's usually worry or whiskey. It's not what a man does during working-hours, but after them, that breaks down his health. A fellow and his business should be bosom friends in the office and sworn enemies out of it. A clear mind is one that is swept clean of business at six o'clock every night and isn't opened up for it again until after the shutters are taken down next morning.

The old New York Dutchman with the hoe

Some fellows leave the office at night and start out to whoop it up with the boys, and some go home to sit up with their troubles—they're both in bad company. They're the men who are always needing vacations, and never getting any good out of them. What every man does need once a year is a change of work—that is, if he has been curved up over a desk for fifty weeks and subsisting on birds and burgundy, he ought to take to fishing for a living and try bacon and eggs with a little spring water for dinner. But coming from Harvard to the packing-house would give you change enough this year to keep you in good trim, even if you didn't have a fortnight's leeway to run loose.

You will always find it a safe rule to take a thing just as quick as it is offered—especially a job. It is never easy to get one except when you don't want it; but when you have to get work, and go after it with a gun, you'll find it as shy as an old crow that every farmer in the county has had a shot at.

When I was a young fellow and out of a place I always made it a rule to take the first job that offered, and to use it for bait. You can catch a minnow with a worm, and a bass will take your minnow. A good fat bass will tempt an otter, and then you've got something worth skinning. Of course, there's no danger of your not being able to get a job with the house—in fact, there is no real way in which you can escape getting one; but I don't like to see you shy off every time the old man gets close to you with the halter.

I want you to learn right at the outset not to play with the spoon before you take the medicine. Putting off an easy thing makes it hard, and putting off a hard one makes it impossible. Procrastination is the longest word in the language, but there's only one letter between its ends when they occupy their proper places in the alphabet.

Old Dick Stover was the worst hand at procrastinating that I ever saw

Old Dick Stover, for whom I once clerked in Indiana, was the worst hand at procrastinating that I ever saw. Dick was a powerful hearty eater, and no one ever loved meal-time better, but he used to keep turning over in bed mornings for just another wink and staving off getting up, until finally his wife combined breakfast and dinner on him, and he only got two meals a day. He was a mighty religious man, too, but he got to putting off saying his prayers until after he was in bed, and then he would keep passing them along until his mind was clear of worldly things, and in the end he would drop off to sleep without saying them at all. What between missing the Sunday morning service and never being seen on his knees, the first thing Dick knew he was turned out of the church. He had a pretty good business when I first went with him, but he would keep putting off firing his bad clerks until they had lit out with the petty cash; and he would keep putting off raising the salaries of his good ones until his competitor had hired them away. Finally, he got so that he wouldn't discount his bills, even when he had the money; and when they came due he would give notes so as to keep from paying out his cash a little longer. Running a business on those lines is, of course, equivalent to making a will in favor of the sheriff and committing suicide so that he can inherit. The last I heard of Dick he was ninety-three years old and just about to die. That was ten years ago, and I'll bet he's living yet. I simply mention Dick in passing as an instance of how habits rule a man's life.

There is one excuse for every mistake a man can make, but only one. When a fellow makes the same mistake twice he's got to throw up both hands and own up to carelessness or cussedness. Of course, I knew that you would make a fool of yourself pretty often when I sent you to college, and I haven't been disappointed. But I expected you to narrow down the number of combinations possible by making a different sort of a fool of yourself every time. That is the important thing unless a fellow has too lively an imagination, or has none at all. You are bound to try this European foolishness sooner or later, but if you will wait a few years you will approach it in an entirely different spirit—and you will come back with a good deal of respect for the people who have sense enough to stay at home.

I piece out from your letter that you expect a few months on the other side will sort of put a polish on you. I don't want to seem pessimistic, but I have seen hundreds of boys graduate from college and go over with the same idea, and they didn't bring back a great deal except a few trunks of badly fitting clothes. Seeing the world is like charity—it covers a multitude of sins, and, like charity, it ought to begin at home.

Culture is not a matter of a change of climate. You'll hear more about Browning to the square foot in the Mississippi Valley than you will in England. And there's as much Art talk on the Lake front as in the Latin Quarter. It may be a little different, but it's there.

I went to Europe once myself. I was pretty raw when I left Chicago, and I was pretty sore when I got back. Coming and going I was simply sick. In London, for the first time in my life, I was taken for an easy thing. Every time I went into a store there was a bull movement. The clerks all knocked off their regular work and started in to mark up prices.

They used to tell me that they didn't have any gold-brick men over there. So they don't. They deal in pictures—old masters, they call them. I bought two—you know the ones—those hanging in the waiting-room at the stock yards; and when I got back I found out that they had been painted by a measly little fellow who went to Paris to study art after Bill Harris had found out that he was no good as a settling clerk. I keep 'em to remind myself that there's no fool like an old American fool when he gets this picture paresis.

The fellow who tried to fit me out with a coat-of-arms didn't find me so easy. I picked mine when I first went into business for myself—a charging steer—and it's registered at Washington. It's my trade-mark, of course, and that's the only coat-of-arms an American merchant has any business with. It's penetrated to every quarter of the globe in the last twenty years, and every soldier in the world has carried it—in his knapsack.

I take just as much pride in it as the fellow who inherits his and can't find any place to put it, except on his carriage door and his letter-head—and it's a heap more profitable. It's got so now that every jobber in the trade knows that it stands for good quality, and that's all any Englishman's coat-of-arms can stand for. Of course an American's can't stand for anything much—generally it's the burned-in-the-skin brand of a snob.

After the way some of the descendants of the old New York Dutchmen with the hoe and English general storekeepers have turned out, I sometimes feel a little uneasy about what my great-grandchildren may do, but we'll just stick to the trade-mark and try to live up to it while the old man's in the saddle.

I simply mention these thing in a general way. I have no fears for you after you've been at work for a few years, and have struck an average between the packing-house and Harvard; then if you want to graze over a wider range it can't hurt you. But for the present you will find yourself pretty busy trying to get into the winning class.

Your affectionate father,

JOHN GRAHAM.

I have instructed the cashier to discontinue your allowance

Some Recent Odd Patents

By John Edward Jenks

THE experts in patents who have been long in the Patent Office will tell you that there is, with all the newness in domestic inventions, a sameness which seems to go in periods. For a time the skill of the inventors appears to be applied to something electrical, such as the telephone or the phonograph, either in improvements of those devices or in something entirely new and quite revolutionary in its character. Oftentimes the season will suggest inventions or some great event will produce a series of devices which belong in a class by themselves. Recently, wandering invention appeared to have settled itself upon a non-refillable bottle, and in one week there were five or six patents issued for as many separate and distinct methods of protecting a once emptied bottle from being again filled.

One might judge that most of the world is bent on refilling old bottles. It is undeniable, however, that the man who can invent a bottle which cannot be refilled will make his fortune. There are many circumstances in which it is desirable to have a bottle rendered useless when its original contents have been removed, and all sorts of methods are employed to render a bottle non-refillable, the most ingenious being that of the Maryland man who secured a patent on a bottle-neck which he described as a serpentine passage, and which contained two small balls which stopped the opening when an attempt was made to refill the bottle, but did not interfere with the egress of the bottle's contents. With the approach of summer inventors were applying themselves to the problems of men's apparel. The idea of a shirt-waist which shall be presentable and wearable is very alluring to genius, and there is evidence of the expenditure of a great deal of thought on such a garment which will possess the elements of decency and comfort. A Pennsylvania man has seen in this enough to gain a patent which may or may not be a money-maker for him. It protects his invention of a combination shirt-bosom and vest. According to his description and illustration filed at the Patent Office the garment is in general shape to resemble the familiar shirt ordinarily worn by men. The semblance of a separate bosom is given by the effect of a vest, low cut, to which the shirt-sleeves are attached, thus securing the further effect of a low-buttoned coat. Hooks and other arrangements at the waistband afford a means of supporting the trousers. The garment has not, as yet, been generally adopted.

—didn't bring back a great deal except a few trunks of badly fitting clothes

THE END OF THE DEAL

By Will Payne

"Why, Lester, what is it?" he asked sympathetically

FIFTH CHAPTER

LIKE an inveterate smoker, Wells felt in his nerves a strong craving for tobacco after the long talk with his wife. He lit a cigar and sat down again, meaning to smoke only a few minutes.

He had the consciousness of a state of peace. He felt good, affectionate, simple. He was at once aware that the reunion with his wife which had clarified his heart had had a like effect upon his mind. The mere painful stupefaction of defeat had passed away. The feverish tenseness of the speculation was gone. There was a freshness and clarity in his thoughts, as though the purification of his emotions, the turning back to the past, had swept all the febrile rubbish out of his brain.

As he sat slowly pulling at his cigar his cleared mind turned back by a kind of inevitable habit, without any volition on his part, to the disastrous campaign which was ending in Waterloo. It lay before him like a map. He had a purely intellectual pleasure in surveying and judging it. He could see now with the greatest clearness where he had made his mistake; where the passion had run away with him and he had overbought, when he should have been preparing himself against Bowles' coup, which would have been taken into a sound reasoning as among the contingencies to be guarded against. If he had turned just here! He saw it so clearly now. The point where the fortune had slipped away from him stood out so distinctly that his nerves felt a shock, as though, in fact, the gold were even then running swiftly through his fingers. But for this fatal overconfidence the campaign was good. He even felt a touch of surprise and admiration as his clear thought marshaled its strong points. Yes, a man should have won in it. The veteran speculator surveyed it like a general looking over a lost battle, recognizing the mistake which had brought defeat. Merely to have turned aside here; to have held a reserve there! The temperature of his mind was rising. Of course it was lost now. In one clear glance he saw that he was not of those timorous adventurers who sail close to shore, seizing a tiny advantage and hurrying to harbor with it. He must win greatly or lose. Well, he had lost. Yet, even now, with half a million dollars, or perhaps somewhat less, he would win in spite of Bowles. His mind protested against Fortune's stupid injustice in letting Bowles win when in fact he was the better man. With half a million——

He looked at his watch. Half-past four. The new day was at hand, the day of his open, acknowledged defeat. It flashed upon his brain that in only a few hours he would be going down to his office to shut it up, to confess himself a bankrupt, to publish his ruin. The nearness of this formal acknowledgment wrenched his heart anew with the full anguish of defeat. The minute-hand of the watch seemed to be inexorably pushing him up to this death—dragging him along to be devoured by Bowles. Bowles would swallow him up at a gulp. He would be a luncheon for Bowles, dropped into that insatiable maw as a mere bite, over which Bowles would smile superciliously in his everlasting luck.

He got up and began pacing the floor, the fire slowly, steadily rising in his heart.

Abruptly, in an irrepressible rage, in a blind passion of resistance, he went to the house telephone, called the stable and ordered the carriage brought around at once. He changed slippers for shoes and began pacing the floor again like a caged tiger, his impassioned mind reaching out, scheming, contriving with all its power and cunning. He slipped downstairs, in his impatience, put on his overcoat and hat and let himself silently out of the house. When the carriage came around in the dark, the coachman saw the humped old figure pacing up and down the walk. The wife was vastly remote, a dim speck at the confines of his mind. He did not even leave word for her.

It was the most dead and dark and cold of all the hours. The streets lay still and empty, engulfed in night. A solitary owl car jingled dismally by, the horses' muzzles frosted with their breath. Here and there a lighted window showed wanly like a sleepy eye. A muffled policeman on his beat or a lone pedestrian stared at the carriage, driven rapidly through the bitter cold.

As the carriage rolled on, the slow dissolution of the dark, the cold transformation from death to life began. Bare trees with stark branches and buildings some distance off began to emerge in outline from the void blackness. The first electric car whirled by with the glow and energy of day. The world began revealing itself in form and color. The act proceeded more rapidly. The curtain was visibly rolling up. The coachman, peering between his wrappings, the exposed strip of his face stony and stinging with cold, could see the red brick and the white stone trimmings on the house in Prairie Avenue before which he drew up.

Wells, plunging from the carriage, with no eye for the transformation, was vaguely surprised to find the day already near at hand. To him it meant only that he must hurry. His insistent summons roused the house. At length a man appeared, dull with sleep and angry at being called from his warm bed at that unconscionable hour. But he recognized the caller and carried his imperious word upstairs. Holiday, the retired wholesale grocer, a man of Wells' own age, was sitting up in bed, already awakened by the ringing, when the man knocked at his door.

Wells was in the hall, where the man had turned on the lights, still muffled in his overcoat, his hat in his hand, when Holiday came down the stairs. The merchant had on slippers, trousers and nightgown. He had thrown a gayly colored dressing-robe over his shoulders and was holding it together at his chilly neck with one hand. His flowing, iron-gray side-whiskers, which usually lent so much dignity to his appearance, were now oddly rumpled and tousled from the pillow. His suspenders were down and with the other hand he held the unsupported trousers over his big paunch. He came down the stairs, peering for Wells, consciously trying to look sympathetic. At this untimely summons a dozen calamities had rapidly presented themselves to his mind—death in the family, suicide, an elopement, a mortal illness. Thus roused from his bed, his swift indefinite presentments had been all of some domestic misfortune, some calamity of the household. At that hour of the night he had not thought about money. He put out his hand as far as he could, holding his trousers in place by the pressure of his elbow.

"Why, Lester, what is it?" he asked sympathetically. They had been friends for twenty-five years; but Holiday had never called him Lester except once, ten years before, when they had got over-jolly together at the annual dinner of the Chicago Commercial League.

Really touched by this friendliness, and at the same time with a vague, grim sense of humor which moved him to a slight smile, Wells went at the business at once.

"I'm in the hole, Marshall," he said, taking the other's personally intimate ground. "I've got to have some money right away."

Without pause he plunged into the details of the situation, which Holiday could instantly understand. He was long so much wheat; so much more was coming on the market which he must find the money to margin. If he could hold up the price and carry his wheat thirty days a sure profit was in sight—as certain as the rising of the sun. The harvest in Argentine had turned out poorly. She didn't have half a crop. Her exports in the spring would be only twenty per cent. what they were last year. All the surplus winter wheat in Kansas, Nebraska and Oklahoma had been marketed. There was a famine in India. France was short and would have to import heavily in the spring. If this Chinese business should bring on European war, as everybody said it was going to, wheat would jump forty cents; it would go to a dollar and a quarter in Chicago over night. Look at the visible supply! It was thirty-five per cent. smaller than a year ago. Even now, six months from harvest, the mills at Minneapolis had hard work to get what grain they wanted of the right grade for grinding. There were sure advices that the Hessian fly was ravaging the young winter wheat growth in Illinois, Wisconsin and Ohio.

The two men stood up together in the chilly hall, Wells muffled in his overcoat, Holiday holding up his trousers with one hand, gathering the gayly colored robe about his cold neck with the other, his eyes on the broker's impassioned face, slightly frowning, as much from the mental effort of following Wells' rapid exposition as from his reluctance to follow it at all; entirely on his guard and aloof at first, his suspicions and conservatism coming out the moment money was mentioned.

As Wells went on, laying out the game before his friend, his passion grew. The vehemence with which he insisted upon winning augmented his own faith. His exaggeration increased his own conviction. As he spread out the game before his friend, his own rage for the play became hotter. His bloodshot eyes looked more angry. He had a veteran air. The atmosphere of a hundred battles of finance seemed to blow about him.

This vehemence slowly infected the colder blood of the older man. This passion a little fired the more cautious brain with the lure of the game. Holiday's own ample fortune had been made in the prosaic way of trade and by an enormous advance in the value of a single plot of ground on State Street which he had bought twenty years before for a price which now represented merely the annual rental of the lot. Cautious, even timid where money was concerned, with little faith in himself, he had a high reputation for conservatism and sound judgment. Several times at long intervals and in an almost furtive way he had tried a tiny speculation in stocks or grain through Wells—the small matter of buying 200 shares or 10,000 bushels. In these occasional timid little ventures he had neither lost nor won. But secretly he had long nursed all a timid, cautious man's envy for those bold operations, those big plays, in which an immense profit, a whole fortune, was seized at a stroke. He was more or less in the atmosphere of speculation. Half his acquaintances speculated. He had a real friendliness for Wells, a will to help him—if it could be done safely. Under the fire of the broker's passion his colder blood warmed; the lure of the game appealed to his secret desire.

"Let's go into the library," he said, his fat person shivering from the chill of the hall.

In the library he lighted the gas grate, holding his haphazard draperies about him as best he could. Wells went on. He told more exactly of his position and needs.

"I came to you," he said, "and we can go to Bunner and Yocum. I believe they'll go in with me, too."

The mere mention of these other names lent some assurance to Holiday. He was half won over, but from habit he kept up his skeptical, questioning attitude.

"But how does Bowles stand in the wheat market now?" he asked, cautiously.

"Why, Bowles—Bowles knows what's trumps in the wheat market as well as I do. He knows wheat's going up. You'll find him buying the wheat before long. He's been picking up the stuff in Kansas for export this last month."

He knew at once that disclosure of Bowles' opposition would be fatal. Holiday would never risk a penny against that magic name. He felt that he had his man almost won over. Success lay just within touch of his fingers. His terrible anxiety, his rage to win—not only to escape Bowles, but to wrest a fortune from that man's hands—swept him irresistibly into an act which was unpremeditated, yet which he had been unconsciously prepared for ever since he called his carriage. He saw it in a flash.

"See here!" he said, pulling open his overcoat. He plunged his hand inside his vest, drew out his pocketbook, took from it the slip of paper—a yellow slip, undated, unaddressed, saying: "If you want money come to me. I will let you have what you want."

"You know how Bowles helps a man out," said Wells. "He'd take my hide. But you can see how he stands."

Holiday looked respectfully down at the magic initials "J. E. B.," fully convinced at last.

Wells moved about the library with a constrained, subdued restlessness, while Holiday hurried upstairs to dress for the drive to Bunner's. The old broker's heart was hot with the stir of the fight which he saw before him, for which he was already planning. As to this preliminary skirmish of getting the necessary money, he felt that in winning Holiday he had already more than half succeeded. With Holiday at his side Bunner would be half convinced at the start; and with both Holiday and Bunner, Yocum would not hold back.

It was as he calculated. They drove to Bunner's house, calling the rich lumberman from his bed. The mere presence of Holiday, the solid and conservative, gave the venture a secure effect. Yocum was already at breakfast when the three arrived at his house, and his consent was won in twenty minutes' talk, Holiday and Bunner sitting on either side of Wells. They left Yocum to his morning meal and drove up town.

It was eight o'clock when the three men sat down to breakfast in a hotel. The streets were alive with the pulse and rush of business. Wells was in the best of humor. He was almost gay. He had $400,000 as good as in his hands. It was merely a matter of waiting for the bank to open. He had won the desperate preliminary skirmish against almost hopeless odds, and the sense that he had won lifted up his will and courage. He appeared at his office at the usual hour, alert, shrewd, resourceful, as full of fight as a ferret.

He went home to dinner that night tired from the tremendous strain of the day, but in the greatest good humor. He met his wife's anxious, questioning eyes with a ready smile. She knew from the coachman of his early morning quest, and now, from his great good humor, from his triumphant smile, she guessed, in the main, what had happened, and resigned herself to his will.

Laura came gliding swiftly into the hall, her mind still in the radiant transformation of her splendid dream. She put her arm about her father's neck, her eyes shining into his with happy tenderness.

Editor's Note—This story began in The Saturday Evening Post of August 24.

"I think you're good, papa," she whispered; and then, instantly, from the old man's blank stare, she perceived that he had forgotten her.

It was only a moment before Wells remembered.

"Oh!" he exclaimed. "Yes—I hope you will be happy." He said it most awkwardly; embarrassed, secretly ashamed because he had forgotten. His whole stubborn repugnance to Harper came up in his mind. "Well, I hope you'll be happy," he repeated, mechanically, and hastily kissed her brow.

The girl turned away. In her pain at the moment, it seemed to her that she finally gave her father up.

SIXTH CHAPTER

THE Empire Automobile Company had a ground-floor room on Wabash Avenue, where several styles of horseless carriages, displayed behind the broad show windows, might tempt buyers. But the factory occupied the top story of a dingy brick building in that packed, smoky region of factories west of the river. This dismal loft was lighted by gas-jets even on the brightest days.

At the rear of the long, bare room, near the windows, through which some light fell, a mechanical contrivance lay on two wooden horses. Five men were gathered about it. Harper had taken off his coat and vest, collar and cuffs. The shirt-sleeves were rolled up on his brawny arms and his hands were black with iron and oil. His feet were firmly planted, well apart, his chin belligerently squared as he looked down at the machine. Tufford, the president of the company, stood next him—a carriage manufacturer of some means, lank and grizzled, a bony Yankee; an enthusiast, as full of dreams as a boy about this automobile venture. He had unbuttoned his coat and vest, and he held his big, soiled hands conspicuously away from his clothes, spread out like two platters. He raised the cleaner hand and, with that wrist, absently wiped the dusty sweat from his brow. Barry, the foreman of the factory, burly in coarse, blackened clothes and leather apron, grimy from head to foot, stood by, intelligently waiting. Hurd, the secretary, Harper's friend, trig and spotless as when he left the office, sat on an upturned box nervously smoking his cigar and glancing anxiously from one man to another. He alone knew absolutely nothing of mechanics. Frowning, he looked down at the mysterious contrivance of brass and iron which held their fortunes. Bliss, the inventor of the motor, a slight man with a beardless face, boyish-looking in spite of his forty years, was on his hands and knees in the dirt peering up at the machine. Beside him, their heads fairly touching, squatted Mercer, the expert sent by the omnibus company. This was the improved motor at which they had been working. If it proved satisfactory there would be a big order from the omnibus company, and the help of some additional capital—in short, smooth sailing for the automobile concern, which had been bobbing through troubled waters.

Bliss turned a stop. The mechanism began to move slowly, smoothly. The two men on the floor fixed their eyes more intently on the flying rod and turning shaft. Tufford opened his mouth and forgot to close it. Harper stooped over the machine, breathless. Hurd fastened his teeth, doglike, in the butt of his cigar. Bliss opened the stop wider. The motion accelerated, the rod flew, the shaft whirled, smoothly, steadily. A tense moment passed. Bliss sat back on his heels, the tumbled hair over his forehead.

"There! Do you see?" he demanded.

The expert squatted and squinted a moment longer; then stood up, stretched himself, dusted his hands one against the other.

"Oh, it's all right," he said conclusively.

Hurd sprang up in a quiver of excitement, and met Harper's triumphant glance. The two stood together, too content for speech, grinning down at the swift, smooth, live machine, for which they felt an affection such as a man feels for his horse which has won the race.

After Harper had washed his hands and arms at the iron sink used by the workmen he came back, followed by Hurd, and stood over the machine, drying his hands on a rough towel. He liked to look at the thing—to contemplate this beautiful contrivance of brass and steel which he had helped to create with his brain and his hands. At college he had been high in football, but only so-so in the classes. He knew that he was intelligent; but he liked best to deal with things that were ponderable, upon which he could lay his two muscular hands. He liked to exert the strength of his big body. Drying his hands he contemplated the motor with a full content. It meant success. It meant Laura. He wished that she could have been there to see how beautifully it proved itself. He had an odd feeling that she ought to love it for the splendid precision and smoothness of its action, and that her gratitude to it would be a full compensation, in the great economy of things, for this creation, this birth of power. Looking down, he fixed the aspect of the machine anew in his mind with the deliberately joyous idea of conveying it to her that evening so that it might receive her appreciation.

It meant success—and Laura. He had fairly won it with his hands and brain. The fixing of the wedding-day was contingent only upon the success of this last test.

Harper saw the sign "Lester Wells" on the broad window and glanced in

Crossing the river at Van Buren Street and glancing over at the towering nests of offices about the Board of Trade he thought again how much finer it was for a fellow to help make something with his own hands and brain. His success might not mean much money-wise, as money was counted over there, but it would mean enough. He told himself that he was not smart enough for the big game—and that he was glad of it.

As he strode along Pacific Avenue under the cliffllike wall of the Board of Trade the big bell rolled out an iron stroke, the solemn warning slowly reverberating through the building.

It lacked but five minutes of the close. Harper saw the sign "Lester Wells" on the broad window and glanced in. The lean, stooped figure of the broker bent over a ticker beside the window. The office was crowded with men. There was a tremendous wheat market. Argentine's wheat crop had turned out a failure. India had ceased exporting. Warmer weather had revealed ravages by Hessian fly in Indiana and Ohio. France was bidding up. The newspapers said that Germany's reply to England meant war. The Czar was massing troops in Manchuria. England had sent a flying squadron to sea with sealed orders. War meant dear wheat, and the price was climbing. Upstairs frantic brokers were bidding the sixteenths and eighths which flashed over the world. The strife of thousands of men and millions of money converged there; and Lester Wells was the prophet and captain of the triumphant bulls. His fortune grew in a noonday magic.

Harper knew these things from the newspapers and from gossip. He glanced into the broker's office, and up at the cliffllike walls whence he had been contemptuously cast. And the joy of the motor was stronger within him than ever. "A cheerful lot of lunatics!" he thought, with happy extravagance. What was it to him that May wheat was closing at 98¾?

He glanced over at the huge brown cube of the Rookery, where, high up, the Bowles Milling Company occupied an entire floor, fifty offices opening one into another, in one of which the miller sat at his desk, fat, bald, imperturbable. They told him that wheat had closed at 98¼. The miller glanced up, slightly elevated his thin eyebrows; then laughed with the utmost good humor.

"That beggar Wells is making this wheat cost me something," he said, and laughed again, really amused at Wells' success, fully appreciating the joke of being worsted by such an antagonist. His smile was singularly pleasing, lighting up the heavy face. But in his perfect good humor one could perceive also his perfect assurance—the unshaken equanimity of the man who knows how the game must end, believing in his power to lay down stake after stake, to bring up million after million, to crush the opponent finally under the weight of his inexhaustible reserves.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Five Hundred Dollars

By Charles Battell Loomis

THE banker's wife sat at the window wondering what could have detained her husband, usually so methodical.

At last she saw him step slowly from the car. This in itself was disquieting. Why had he not come home in a cab? What could have happened? She hastened down the stairs to the front door and reached it just as he did.

"Henry, what is the matter? Why are you so late? And why did you come in a car?"

"Oh, my darling, can you bear bad news?" said he.

For answer she gave him her hand.

"Mary, my darling, I am ruined. Cabs are for the rich. The failure of Sampson & Co. has pulled me down, and when all my debts are paid I shall have but five hundred dollars with which to face the world." It was a terrible shock, and what wonder the little woman fainted. Only five hundred dollars. Ruin! Abject poverty! Sorrow's cup full!

The artist's wife sat with her face at the window of their tiny room, wondering what had happened to detain her husband. Artist though he was, he was generally very methodical in his movements.

While her fears strengthened a cab drove up to the house, and within it—wonder of wonders!—she descried the form of her husband. This was indeed disquieting. Why had he come home in a cab? Was he ill?

He sprang from the cab, dismissed the driver with a gratuity and ran with joyful face up the steps.

His wife hastened into the hall to meet him.

"What is it, dear?" she cried as he came springing up the stairs, two steps at a time.

"Come inside, dear, and I'll tell you, although I feel like taking the whole world into my confidence."

"Oh, what is it, Paul? Have you sold the water-colors?"

"Better than that, my dear. I have sold the oil that I did last summer! And what do you suppose I received for it?"

"Oh, I don't know. Fifty dollars?"

"Pouf! I received every cent of five hundred dollars, little girl! Five hundred dollars! Now I can face the world."

And the twain went dancing around the room like crazy marionettes. Five hundred dollars! Prosperity! Plutocratic wealth! The cup of joy bubbling over!

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FAITH does not consist in praying for rain and then looking up the predictions of the weather bureau.

SO FAR the bloody war against the mosquitoes is a drawn battle and the mosquitoes are still doing most of the drawing.

A FEW more revolutions in South America are on the carpet, but the carpet may be turned before the next edition goes to press.

GOVERNOR ODELL, of New York, is suffering from the misfortune of previousness. In Presidential politics the early bird catches cold.

IN CALIFORNIA this summer one man bought 24,000,000 pounds of prunes. Now look out for the announcement of a boarding-house trust!

OUR Boston friends have not yet suggested that the hot weather of the present summer was due to the benevolent assimilation of tropical islands.

ONE of the strange things in international politics is that the Presidents of the great Republics of the United States and Mexico never meet. Such close neighbors should know each other better.

IT COSTS a hundred million dollars a year to run the government of New York city, and yet some people wonder how Tammany statesmen can hire special trains and spend money like water. Only they don't spend it on water.

SPAIN'S naval department has so little to do that it is proposed to consolidate it with another Cabinet portfolio. If it really wants work and desires to do us a good turn it might take that Schley-Sampson controversy off our hands.

RUSSELL SAGE, who keeps money, and Andrew Carnegie, who gives it away, both declare that they enjoy life; so it seems that wealth can make happiness either way. But then these men are both philosophers, and philosophy is above riches.

THE mature dame who completed her survey of the ailments of the human race with the observation, "It's a real miracle that anybody's alive," was not so very far wrong. The same observation might be applied to conditions in modern cities. A few months ago explosives in a New York factory wrecked buildings for a square around, and sacrificed dozens of lives. In a New Jersey city fireworks made a holocaust. In a Western metropolis dynamite destroyed life and property. And the other day in Philadelphia a large quantity of gasoline did more damage than an earthquake. All of these disasters were caused by storing materials contrary to law. Our cities are full of things which the laws forbid. Man ought to be thankful every day that he is not blown up by anything more serious than a curtain lecture.

NOW that Aguinaldo has contributed to the magazines, the only thing left for him to do is to take to the lecture platform; but he must know that his reception in Boston by the anti-imperialists would not be cordial, and the reason is easily explained. They were calling his capture a low, miserable trick, and here he comes forth in print and solemnly declares that it was a brilliant piece of strategy, brilliantly performed. Ungrateful Aguinaldo!

The Education that Counts

IT IS plain that many of the surplus millions of the United States are going to the colleges and universities. Education will become cheaper and more possible to the poorest boy every year. Mr. Morgan's million dollars to Harvard, the bicentennial fund of two million dollars to Yale, and other sums aggregating millions more to many of the six hundred and odd colleges and universities of the United States, not to mention the rumor of a fifty million dollar fund for the University of Chicago, all mean that the deserving institutions of the country are going to get as much money as they can reasonably expect. Even now it is possible for the poor boy to get through a university without asking aid from his parents, and if he develops good ability and much capacity he will find helping hands all along his pathway to a higher education.

In the midst of the offering of these opportunities comes a warning voice from men of more practical ideas, who hold that too much time spent in post-graduate work is a handicap on success in the world. We may not accept their dicta entirely, but there is wisdom in listening to what they have to say. A man naturally inclined to be a student often gets to love knowledge simply for the sake of learning. He accumulates a vast amount of information without developing practical ability to apply it to a world which looks for results. Such a one may live and study all his life, and when he dies the world has lost little. It makes no difference how much education may be developed. Its value must be measured by its usefulness in one form or another.

The sensible student, therefore, never gets so deep in his books that he loses sight of the world. The university is different from the manual-training school, but in final results the aim must be the same or it miscarries, and that aim is to fit men and women for better and higher work in the world.

It is gratifying to see that modern education is not rushing to overdevelopment in mere study. There are some who fall victims to the quiet of the class-room, or who find their greatest happiness in the corner of a library where they may never be disturbed, but the great majority while at their books hear the call of the world and see its duties in everything that they study.

This is the kind of education that the rich men want to increase by the encouragement of their generous millions. They themselves belong to the active bustling world of trade and commerce. They know that the growth of business and the better management of affairs in public as well as in private life depend upon having educated men in the practical work of the world. Their gifts thus become investments that will return dividends upon their own estates, for as the quality of service improves, so does the value of all belongings increase.

Business has changed. No longer does the merchant who merely knows his own corner of the square, and the few things that happen in front of his store, make a great fortune or control the destinies of the times. He must know what is going on in the world. He must be able to estimate the relative values and influences of events. He must use the knowledge and wisdom of the past as guides for the present, and a trained foresight for the difficulties and opportunities of the future.

Then, too, there is a wider horizon in public life. With steam and electricity the world has grown very small. Its peoples have been brought closer together, and their histories, their characteristics, their prejudices and their needs make up a necessary part of the public man's education. The real statesman no longer represents a district or a State. He must look even beyond his own shores. In the sciences and in the professions this broadening has no limitations. Everywhere, in all departments of effort, there is a freer and a greater opportunity, and the final verdict is not based on what a man knows or what he has studied, not on what he has hoarded either in mind or in treasury, but on what he does that contributes to the good of mankind and which exercises an influence in the upward advancement of the human race.

It is to be remembered that Barkis generally gets his place because he is willing. Even an office likes to be sought.

The Summer Separations

FASHION and disposition, excursion rates and hotel advertisements, the letters of friends and the personals in the newspapers are a few of the disturbing forces in modern society which, as soon as the warm season sets in, combine in a general campaign to make people move. It stiffens the pride of the household to read that the family will close the city house and occupy the country place, or that all its members will sail for Europe on the finest ship afloat, or that they will take a tour of the Lakes, invade Canada and visit the Buffalo Exposition. And those who cannot go so far are seldom satisfied unless they go somewhere. The summer change is limited only by the family purse—and occasionally even that is not a bar.

In all this movement the separations of families, especially of husbands and wives, increase both in number and in length. Business has to go on; offices must be kept open; the machinery of civilization must be run, and so far no automatic contrivances have been found that will take the place of brains and experience. So the men are obliged to keep close to headquarters or limit their absences to a few weeks. Generally they refuse to compel their families to share their servitude to circumstances, and every year husbands and wives see less of each other in summer-time.

Another tendency which adds to the reality of these separations is the decay of letter-writing. A wife hates a typewritten letter more than she does a last year's dress; but what is the poor man to do amid the heat and weariness of his stuffy office? His habit is to dictate his communications; he has forgotten the prolonged use of the pen, and even when he tries it the ink does not flow one-half so well as it did in the younger days when he sat up until daybreak pouring out his tender passion from an overflowing heart and a handy book of quotations. The typewriter is a cold, unfeeling transmitter and turns such sentiments as, "Heart of My Heart, day did not dawn, the sun did not shine, the birds did not sing until your sweet missive brought love and music to my anxious soul," into something like, "Dear Wife, Your letter received. Very warm here, but I keep well. Glad to hear Tommy's toe is healing. Check inclosed. In haste." And so on. So, in these days, when every bit of scandal and every stray rumor are gathered and printed under flaring headlines, some persons think that our family life is on the down grade. But matrimony differs from wealth. We hear of those who get rich; we do not hear of the failures. We hear little of those who succeed in married life; we hear everything and a good deal more than we ought to hear about the failures. Then the contrast of the good old times comes up. But in the good old times there were no unlicensed scavengers to ferret out and print the details—to-day one divorce case will get a page where a golden wedding anniversary of two beautiful lives will be dismissed with a line.

Be fair in comparisons and believe us when we say whatever of joy yesterday held in its long embrace, to-day has all that has gone before and the new sunshine of another morn. Most separations are unpleasant, but the little trials disappear when the old man locks up that typewriter Saturday noon and reaches the family in time for the evening meal.

Money well spent never stops earning interest.

Hope for the Little Peoples

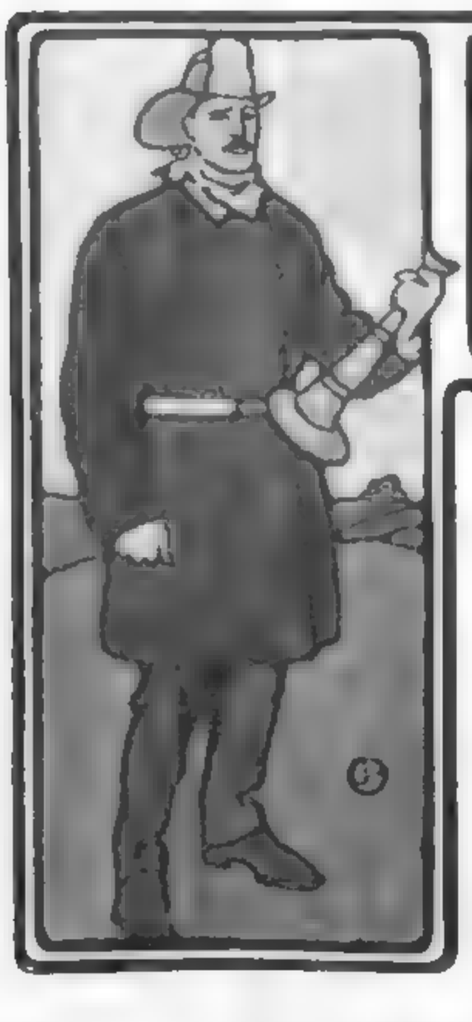
WHEN the Persians were conquering the Ionian Islands they used to "net" the inhabitants. They would form a line of soldiers extending from one side of the island to the other. Then, clasping hands, the troops would move forward, and when they reached the other end they knew that every living being on the way had been caught. Some such process is going on now in South Africa. The methods in vogue there are unique in modern warfare. Usually a country is conquered by the occupation of strategic points and the capture or dispersal of organized armies. Only a minute fraction of the population is directly affected. But the only way in which England seems able to conquer the Boers is literally to depopulate their country. When former conquerors "made a solitude and called it peace" the expression was only figurative, but Great Britain is carrying it out in absolute fact.

Two-thirds of all the men in the Boer Republics have been either killed or captured, and the survivors are now held in British prison camps. Most of the women and children have been gathered in other camps. The war in its present stage is simply the process of gathering in the rest of the population, one, two, or a half-dozen at a time. When the last Boer is a prisoner there will be peace.

The fact that such unheard-of methods are necessary to end a war of conquest must strengthen the faith of small nations everywhere in their ability to maintain their independence. If the Boer Republics had not been so microscopically minute it would not have been possible to attack them on such lines. Switzerland, Holland, Belgium and Sweden are small countries; yet the smallest of them has over three million inhabitants and six hundred thousand men of military age. It would be out of the question for any invader to pen up half or a quarter of such a population in prison camps. With the Boer spirit, any nation in Europe would be unconquerable.

But that spirit, after all, is the essential thing. Greece has ten times the population of the Boer Republics. She has a trained regular army and a navy stronger than that of Turkey. In her late war she had an almost impregnable frontier to defend. Yet she could hardly hold the Turks back longer than it would have taken them to march if there had been nothing in the way.

But Swiss and Swedes and Dutchmen may feel reasonably safe. What could a French or German army of invasion, even though it were a million strong, do against 600,000 Switzers defending the Alpine passes with modern rifles and the spirit of Sempach and Morgarten? Who could conquer a million Dutchmen behind the dikes that let the floods upon the armies of Alva, or 1,200,000 Swedes and Norwegians fighting like the men of Gustavus Adolphus? As Bloch has shown, the Boers at Magersfontein defended a line twenty miles long with a force of 300 men to the mile. That line was never broken, and Cronje might have been holding it yet if the British had not brought up forces numerous enough to envelop the ends. If Switzerland were attacked from all sides at once she could line her frontiers with forces of a thousand to the mile, and she could defend the only accessible routes of approach with masses many times as dense. If the Swiss should fight like the Boers, and there is nothing in history to indicate that they would not, all the neighboring Powers combined would find them hard to conquer. The day of the little peoples is not yet over.



The Fire-Fighters

By Herbert E. Hamblen

Author of On Many Seas

THE BALD EAGLE AND THE GRAY WOLF

I WONDER how many "old vamps" there are living to-day who can remember the bitter rivalry that once existed between the crews of engines 19 and 41, respectively known as the "Bald Eagle" and the "Gray Wolf"? Not many, I fear, for that was a long time ago; long before the Civil War. It was so long ago, anyway, that many people, men and boys—especially boys—believed the old "goose neck" hand fire-engine to be the greatest triumph of human ingenuity. Whether we belonged to the department or not, we swore allegiance to our district engine. We ran with her, slaved on her brakes at fires, fought like wild Indians to maintain her fancied supremacy, and alternately covered ourselves with glory or ignominy in her service.

I was a lad in my teens at the time of which I write, but from big Jerry McCormick, Nineteen's stalwart foreman, to the last "quill" who cheerfully paid dues and fines for the privilege of wearing a red shirt, the Bald Eagle had no stauncher adherent than I. It was seldom, day or night, when the old market bell rang out the magic "6," that my chum, Patsy Dolan, and myself, failed to be at the engine house to assist the first arrival in rolling her out.

My father was opposed to boys "hanging around the engine-houses," as he expressed it. He said the firemen were nothing but a lot of "red shirted rowdies;" which wasn't so, by any means. But he was a hard-headed, obstinate Scot, with neither the pliability nor the inclination to adapt himself to new surroundings. He positively forbade my running to fires, but the charm of the service was greater than my dread of his displeasure. I wouldn't lie to him, so it was only necessary for him to ask if I had transgressed to assure me a place at the head of the martyr's column. As Patsy's father was imbued with a similar prejudice, we two cooperated to defeat the old folks' schemes. If either of us surmised that a new trap was to be sprung he notified his "pardner."

One night, when father marched me up to my room, I saw a new hasp and staple on my door. A triumphant glitter shone in his eye as he pulled out a padlock big enough to hold an elephant. "Ye'll no lose much sleep the night," he remarked as he pushed me in and clamped the hardware.

The City Hall bell spoke about twelve o'clock, and the old market immediately repeated the tale, which was: "SIX." I gazed ruefully from my second-story window—not even a rainwater-spout was within reach. I was about ready to jump for it when a warning signal from Patsy stayed me. Noiselessly he made a breach in the back-yard fence, and the next thing I knew, he had pushed the corner grocery man's wagon under my window. It was much too long a drop, so he piled three barrels, one atop of the other, on its roof. How he managed it alone is a mystery to me to this day; but Patsy Dolan was a genius.

The night became suddenly dark, and I had but a dim idea of the structure he had raised—and quietness was imperative. He whispered encouragingly, and my faith in him was boundless. He was on the roof of the wagon steadying the barrels. I hung from the window-sill by my finger-tips, stretched all I could, and was able just to touch the top barrel with my toes. I nearly upset the whole thing. Patsy warned me in a stage whisper not to do that, but to swing out and let go, assuring me that it was all right; though how he ever expected me to get down from the head of that barrel is a mystery to me yet. They were old flour barrels that had been in use all summer for holding vegetables, and were dead ripe. I let go, as he told me to, and telescoped them as though they had been wet paper. There were nails in those barrels. They slit my clothes to ribbons and engraved long, deep scratches on my person, but there was no time to grieve over that. The two upper ones rumbled to the ground, and before I could get the other one off, father's window went up and I hear a menacing "Robert!" We jumped and sprinted for it, and next morning I paid for my night's run in current coinage—on my scarified back.

Finding force unavailing, father took the padlock off and appealed to my honor—as a Scot. It was an irresistible argument, and for nearly a week I wrestled with Patsy's incredulousness—and remained virtuous. Then a superlative temptation assailed me and I fell.

Although I refrained from running with the machine, I responded to all alarms, in so far as I could without violating my pledge to father. I would crane my body out of the window as long as the bells continued to ring, indulging in mental tortures, and wondering how long I should be able to keep it up. One night, 41, the Gray Wolf, passed right under my window, on a short-cut across lots.

Darby Malone, the justly despised leader of the Gray Wolf's juvenile contingent, saw me. Never having been a lay figure in the scrimmages which invariably followed a meeting between the partisans of the Eagle and the Wolf, my sudden spasm of virtue was known and commented on in both camps. Darby jeered me mercilessly. He dwelt on the facility with which the most rabid of the Bald Eagles had become converted into a barnyard rooster, and opined that under no circumstances, could a Gray Wolf so fall from grace.

It was maddening. I was sure that father would not ask a Scotsman to submit to the like of that—and if he would, I was not the one to do it. He would be awake, for the roar of one of those old hand-engines, yanked along over the cobblestones of those days by forty or fifty shrieking lunatics, was not conducive to sweet slumber. Mindful of the step on the stairs that squeaked, I counted carefully as I tiptoed down. "Seven!" I was over it, and let myself down on the next with direfully misplaced confidence. Either I had made a miscount or another step had acquired the squeaking habit since I last stole out the front way.

The roof fr[illegible] passed through the door

In response to the unexpected screech which the thing gave out my heart came into my mouth, and I took the remainder of the stairs at a bound. I surmised that a whitish blur in the rear of the dark hall was father, pursuing. An unmistakable frou frou and a distinct pitapat furnished unnecessary corroboration.

Reaching the front door a bare length in the lead, I hastily opened and closed it with a convincing slam, but remained concealed on the inside. For once father allowed his zeal to overcome his canny Scotch judgment. Despairing, I suppose, of reaching me, he delivered a vicious kick with his bare foot—which was received by the obliging door. He was a good man, and a severe Presbyterian, but as I crouched there, quaking in my dark corner, I was horrified at his language. I could hardly believe the evidence of my own senses.

For once I dreaded lest he make a search and discover me. But evidently his curiosity was satisfied, for he limped back to bed, still muttering in the strange tongue. After I heard his door close I stole quietly forth, hoping fervently that the fortunes of war would deliver Darby Malone into my clutches that night.

It was a big fire, and as I was comparatively a new hand again I took hold with a vim. It started in a large stable belonging to a street omnibus company, and before morning it consumed not only the stable, but nine blocks of rookeries, inhabited mostly by foreigners.

The stable was a roaring furnace when I got there. Great tongues of flame leaped a hundred feet in the air, sending dense showers of blazing hay and grain broadcast over the tenements. Scores of fire-crazed horses plunged about wildly in that frightful interior, shrieking almost like human beings as the burning débris fell upon them. The police had drawn a cordon around the fire, but that didn't exclude me. Some of the firemen were rescuing horses at the risk of their own lives. A big, white stallion blundered out to the door, then turned and dashed back into the building. I had snatched up my coat on leaving the house—Jerry always ran with his on his arm—I threw it over my head, dodged under the nose of a fat policeman and rushed in after the horse.

The perspiration evaporated from my body instantly, leaving the skin dry and crackly. A billow of black smoke surged down and smothered me. The horse's scream at my back ended in a cough, showing that he, too, had encountered the smoke. The place was an inferno. It was impossible to breathe smoke, and there was nothing else to be had. I had heard firemen tell of the stratum of air always to be found near the floor of a burning building. I dropped to my knees, plunged my arms in blazing hay to the elbows and jumped up again. My head was bursting and there was no air. Deprived of the sense of direction I strove vainly to find the door. I ran foul of the horse and came near being trampled under foot. I was about ready to give up when I heard a voice far away it sounded, calling:

"Back out, men—back out! The roof is coming down!"

"Back out?" Aye, what would I not have given for the ability to locate that cry? Glad, indeed, would I have been to be able to back out; but to me all directions were alike. I seemed to have been in there an age. I had reached the stage where visions of past occurrences flash across the mind. I must have been about gone. I felt a vague thankfulness that it would soon be over. Then the horse butted into me, trod on my foot and knocked me down.

His action seemed to arouse an unreasoning rage on my part. I scrambled up to resent it. The smoke was momentarily dispelled by a brilliant flash, and a sheet of flame enveloped me. A counter current from the door drove the flame back. I breathed air and saw with my smoke blinded eyes, as through a haze, men and engines directly in front of me. I wasn't ten feet inside the stable, but the horse was between me and the open door. His mane and tail were burned off, and his back was one huge blister. A bit of rope dangled from his raw neck. Seeing safety within reach he turned, horselike, to run back into the fire. But, with breath in my nostrils, courage and ambition returned. I grabbed the rope, yanked his head around, gave him a prod in the sore ribs and ran him out.

Editor's Note—This is the first in a series of six sketches of the old Volunteer Fire Department. The series will be continued through succeeding numbers.

The roof fell as we passed through the door, the jagged end of a broken rafter scraping the skin from the stump of the poor horse's tail. With a scream of pain he broke from me, nearly upsetting my friend the fat policeman in his senseless flight. I caught him again, but the irate officer despoiled me of my prize—who immediately returned and made a burnt-offering of himself

"Be the big boot!" shouted the policeman, as he kicked and cuffed me through the lines, "I'll tache ye to shtale horses under Mike Ryan's nose! Git out o' this, ye thavin' young scallywag, 'fore I bate the head off ye'

I lost my coat, the rest of my clothes soon became a mere network of charred rags, and I had sundry large and sore blisters, to say nothing of the raw places where they had been rubbed off

After the roof fell most of the engines were sent to save the tenements, leaving only three or four to wet out the smouldering remains of the principal fire. I reentered the lines, and dodging policemen and fire-wardens, wandered about, seeing what there was to be seen, and hoping to fall in with either Darby Malone, to whom I owed a score, or Engine 19, with which I ran.

While passing through a narrow alley I was startled by a scream right overhead. On looking up I saw at an upper window a girl a year or so younger than myself, wringing her hands. There was no sign of fire about the premises as far as I could see, but her distress was undeniable. She was in the attic, and the only other window facing the alley was closed by solid wooden shutters. High, unscalable board fences inclosed the alley on both sides. I ran around to the front, but everything there was as secure as a jail. When I got back a whiff of smoke was curling about her head, and a tiny tongue of flame showed in the darkness behind her—the roof had caught from a flying spark, and the old tinder-box would last but a mighty short time. The crowd was blocks away, and all the other houses in the neighborhood were deserted. I saw no means of getting her out, so I told her to jump. I might as well have called to the stars

I got an iron-shod rung from a dray at the other end of the alley and punched a hole in the rotten clapboards. I punched another above that, and with infinite pain and labor climbed with one hand and punched holes with the other, until I reached her. I was so exhausted by that time I could hardly crawl in the window, especially as she wouldn't move back a step to give me room.

Sharp must be the word and quick the action. I stripped up the sheets and blankets from a bed that was beginning to smoulder in a corner, hastily twisted a rope, and, despite her struggles, fastened it about her

I gave her a chance to climb out of the window decorously, but she declined; so I tumbled her out as carefully as the circumstances would allow, and lowered away gently on the treacherous rope. When I felt her land I threw the rest of it out, and went down the way I came up.

There wasn't a sign of the girl to be seen I ran to the mouth of the alley and plumped into Jerry McCormick, who was backing in, and yelling.

"Come, get along here with that pipe! What's the matter with ye—all dead?"

He gave me a savage dig with his trumpet, ordering me out of his way. Then, seeing who it was, he said: "Hullo, Scotty, that you? You're just the boy I want. Forty-one's playin' into our box. If they wash us fair, all right; but they can't do it that way, an' I don't trust them Forty-oners—they're tricky! You go on down there an' keep your eye on that fellow at the butt, an' if you see him doin' any funny business let some o' the boys know. Go on, now; skip!"

"Where is she?" I asked, slightly befogged by his volubility.

"Foller the hose, you chump!" he replied, the slight tinge of contempt proving a rare tonic to my already rather tired heels.

One of the most degrading things that could happen to an engine was to be "washed" by another. To accomplish it—and also to avoid it—the men would work themselves to the very limit of endurance. Hydrants being scarce, the department depended principally upon cisterns. As these were frequently located far from the scene of the fire it became necessary to station the engines in line and pass the water along from one to another. The first would drop her suction into the cistern and pump through her entire 450 feet of hose into the box of the next, which would repeat the trick, until the last engine was reached. She would, of course, deliver it directly to the fire.

Although the engines were of uniform capacity, each crew bragged of the superiority of their own, and would work—or fight—all creation in support of the assertion The supreme test came when they were working in line. The "box," or tank, was a small affair, holding but a few gallons; consequently, with one crew pumping continuously into it for dear life, the other fellows would need to put in their biggest licks to prevent its overflowing—which constituted the wash. As this would prove the superiority of the engine behind to the one ahead, it was a mortal disgrace; one that could neither be explained nor lied out of. "Runners" and friends of the crews would cheerfully relieve the fainting men at the brakes in the effort to sustain the good name of their engine or to smirch that of another. Fair play prevailed as a rule, but there were well-known tricks by which a wash could be accomplished. For instance, with the water within half an inch of the top of the box the butt-holder could raise the pressure enough, by slightly kinking the hose, to slop her over when he released it. But woe unto him who should dare to win by such means. Rough and swift would be the justice meted out to him. It was to watch the Forty-oner at the butt that Jerry had sent me back to the engine.

All hands were pretty well worn out, but still a full crew had the brakes flying—sixty double strokes a minute. I was so wrapped up with the importance of my mission that I failed at first to notice father, hatless and coatless, swinging on the brakes as though life depended on his exertions

It seems he had followed me, bent on breaking me, once and forever, of running to fires. Alec Sweetser had explained the situation to him, and had so wrought upon his innate clannishness that he took hold, at the imminent risk of getting his fingers cut off by the unfamiliar machinery. When he was relieved I got him a cup of coffee and tried to hide my surprise. I noticed that he limped, painfully, and wore an old shoe, all slit up, on his right foot, but I decided not to remark that. Besides, I was there to watch the butt-holder.

I set the signal lamp where it would shine directly into the box. The fellow told me to take it away, saying it dazzled him. "That's what it's for," I replied. He gave me an ugly look and swore at me, but the lamp remained. Some of the men asked what was up, and laughed when I told them, saying it was all moonshine; but old Dave Travers approved. He remembered that 19 had washed 41 more than ten years before; and though the Gray Wolves had been trying to get square ever since, 19 was still one of the small and rapidly dwindling band of "unwashed" in the department.

Everything went along smoothly for a good while, and I began to think Jerry's suspicions were unfounded. I had retired behind a lamp post, and was having difficulty to keep awake. Suddenly I noticed the butt-holder glancing cautiously all about. I was broad awake in an instant. Seeing no one on watch, he jammed the hose against the box with his body so he could hold it with one hand. Then his right went to his trousers' pocket. He withdrew it a moment later and reached into the box, well over toward the valves. In another second he was tending the butt as usual.

I reported what I had seen to the assistant foreman, Mr. Frazer

"Did he put anything in the box?" he asked

"I don't know, sir; I couldn't see," I replied, "but it looked like it."

"Yer right it did, Scotty! I understand his game, he's tryin' ter choke a valve; that's what he's up to; but I'll fix 'im, you see if I don't," and there was a glitter in his eye that boded evil to Mr. Forty-oner.

A moment later a couple of lusty fellows lounged around in the neighborhood of the butt-holder, and one engaged him in conversation. As the interminable minutes flew and nothing happened, I feared I had given a false alarm. Then all at once, for no apparent reason, the water, which had been perilously near the top of the box for hours, overflowed in all directions

The butt-holder raised a joyful shout. "Washed—washed!"

The words died in a strangling gurgle as the two Bald Eagles lit on him, bore him to the ground and turned his own butt on him.

Mr. Frazer kept the men at the brakes, though they were dying to get at the Forty-oner. And then Jerry's fog-horn roar was wafted to us from the fire, calling for water.

When the butt holder's case had been satisfactorily attended to, Mr. Frazer called for the light. He was groping in the box, where we could hear the air wheezing through an imperfectly seated valve. When I threw the light of the signal lamp into the box he made a quick grab. "A-h-h!" and held a silver half-dollar aloft. I flashed the light on it that all might see

"Here it is, boys!" he cried; "that's the way 41 washes an engine: chokes her valves for her. What do ye think o' that? What'll we do with the skunk?"

Considering what they already had done to him, the shouts of "Drown 'im!—Hang 'im!—Lick 'im!" seemed rather superfluous. But the decision to take no more of Forty-one's water certainly was just. At this juncture, Harvey Blake, one of the assistant engineers, shouldered his way roughly through the crowd, and demanded to know what the trouble was. Some of the men tried to explain, but he would have none of it; he wanted water. He ordered the butt into the box again, and as he was the boss it had to go there; but another Forty-oner had to hold it, for they would not let Doc Rafferty come within half a block of her.

Father went home after the fracas, I dare say, rueing his hard night's ineffectual work. As he never spoke of the incident I didn't dare to, so it has remained to this day one of the inexplicable experiences of my life.

As the weary crew dragged the old 19 back to her house after the fire was out, the foul wash was the sole topic of conversation. It was suggested by some of the radicals that 41 be forced to record in her official journal her inability to wash 19 after ten years' trying. Others demanded that the butt-holder be summarily expelled from the department, and never allowed to return. To this the conservatives replied that it wasn't the first time a dirty trick had been played in the department, and as long as no harm had been done they were in favor of letting the matter drop, urging that Doc would hardly try anything of the kind again. The last I heard was an agreement that demands of some kind should be formulated before they left the engine-house

I promised myself that if the whole city burned down the next night I would go to bed right after supper and let it burn; but I didn't. I felt so much better than I had expected to that I took a walk down to the engine house to learn what action the men had taken in regard to the foul wash.

Just as I arrived, Mr. McCormick, Mr. Frazer, Alec Sweetser and two others came out. The men had held a special meeting, and these were the committee who were going up to Forty-one's house to demand redress.

"Hello! Here's the boy," said Jerry. "That's good! Come along, Scotty, I may want you for a witness; we're going up to see 41 about that business last night."

To pass unmolested through Forty-one's district, even, to say nothing of going right into her house, was something no juvenile Nineteener had ever dreamed of as a possibility; consequently I was transported to the seventh heaven of pride and joy—and there wasn't a soul around to witness my triumph

We were cordially received—to my great surprise, for I had imagined all sorts of things; even the possibility of having to lay siege to the citadel. I was left in the engine-house while the committee were escorted to the parlor by the foreman and secretary of 41. With what supreme contempt I listened to the braggadocio of the Gray Wolves! Dearly would I have liked to recount some of their shortcomings that I knew of; but, on second thought, I deemed discretion the better part of valor when in the wolf's den.

My testimony was not required. The Forty-oners assured the committee they would never dream of claiming a wash under any such circumstances; nor, indeed, in any case where there was the slightest shadow of a doubt. They apologized handsomely for the misconduct of their member, disavowed any approval of it, and showed an entry in the official journal recording the fact that a fine of two dollars and a half had been imposed "for conduct unbecoming a fireman and a member of this company."

The committee, not to be outdone in generosity, declined to suggest further punishment. More; they begged as a special favor to themselves, and to Engine 19, whose unworthy representatives they were, that the gentleman's fine be remitted.

They came trooping downstairs again, and, though all hands had known each other for years, the visiting committee was formally introduced to the members of 41, particular emphasis being placed on all titles, even to the ex's. A collection had previously been taken up. Cider and cigars appeared, followed by much hand shaking and mutual protestations of esteem, and we took our departure.

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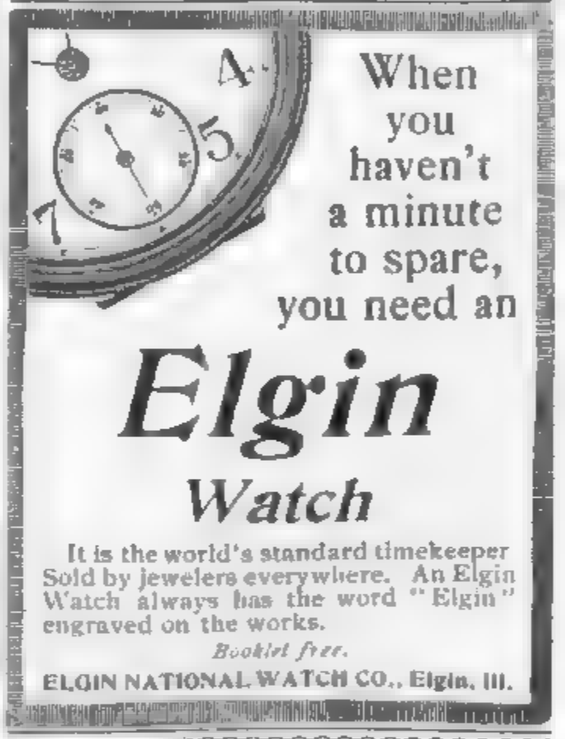
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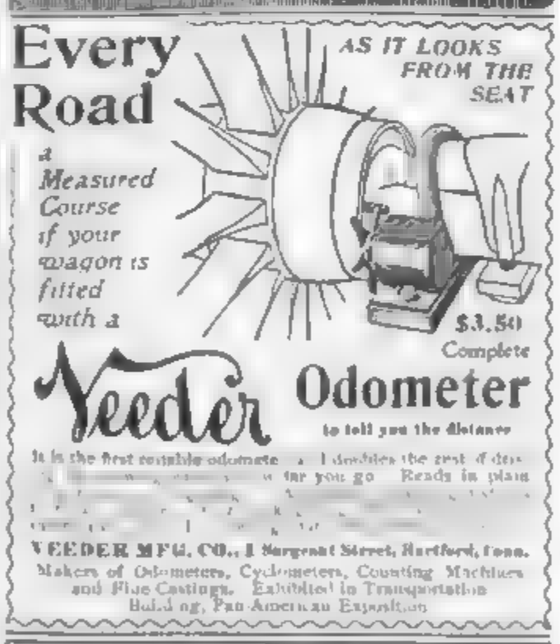
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Love in a Corner—A Tale of the Great Squeeze in X., Q. & Z.—By Francis E. Leupp

(Senator Andrews to Frederick Ward)

Dear Sir: Lest there should be any misunderstanding of our conversation yesterday, in which we both betrayed some warmth, I take this occasion to repeat its purport.

I have no objection to you personally, but my daughter is accustomed to many comforts with which a struggling young lawyer could not afford to surround her. The "five or six thousand" you say you have laid by as the foundation of a fortune will do very well, but I think Rose must wait till the fortune itself is built.

I am sorry that you have been so foolish as to entangle yourselves. Long engagements are a mistake. Knowing how I feel about this matter, I shall trust you, as a man of honor, to refrain from seeing Rose again except by my express consent. I hear that you returned to New York and to your practice at once. That was wise. If it should be necessary for you to address Rose through the mail, your letters must contain no word of love or marriage. Very truly yours,

H. B. ANDREWS.

Frederick Ward, Esq., New York.

(Frederick Ward to Rose Andrews)

NEW YORK, April 26.

Dear Rose: The inclosed note, just received from your father, will explain itself—and some other things. It is hard, but not unkindly, and I am almost ashamed of the way I spoke of him to you at our parting. The worst of it is, that every one knows of our engagement, and this turn will subject you to annoying gossip.

But possibly he is right. At any rate, I have returned to work, determined to make that fortune! I have just taken a complicated inheritance case. Some of the people whom I must see in a week or so live up in the wilds of Maine. As I feel now, it will be a relief to bury my woes in the woods.

This is a cold leave-taking, little one, but it is all now permitted to

Your * * * FRED.

(Rose to Ward)

WASHINGTON, April 27.

Dear Fred: I cried all night after you left. Papa is *horrid*, and you are an *angel* to forgive him. Never mind, dear, I have a coupon bond which I can do what I like with. It is not *much*, but it is *something*, and I am going to help you build that fortune.

Cheer up, and don't work yourself to death, you busy boy! Even if I can't *work*, I can *plan*, and I have something in mind now. I sha'n't tell you what it is till the time comes, but *then* you may be *proud* of

Your * * * ROSE.

(John Brady, banker and broker, to Ward)

422 WALL STREET, May 4.

Dear Fred: Tried to find you to-day, but failed. Something on foot you ought to know. Have had active correspondence with Miss Andrews. She has been reading about the boom in stocks, and is bitten like the rest. Has deposited $1200 with me, and ordered purchase of 100 shares of X., Q. & Z. at 65. Did my best to dissuade her, but no go. If I wouldn't take her order she'd send it somewhere else—said I was the only friend she had in the business, etc. To keep her away from the sharks, consented. Feel like a villain. JACK.

P. S.—Mum's the word, of course. I'm pledged to secrecy even with you. See how I keep my word. Feel more like a villain than ever. Must post this right away, or shall repent.

(Ward to Brady)

NEW YORK, May 5.

Dear Jack: Yours handed me as I am starting for train. You have behaved shabbily, but I absolve you under the circumstances.

You are right in assuming that I ought to know everything—about *her*. The dear child must be protected at all hazards. You have $3000 of mine. Use it freely, if necessary, to save her from trouble. As long as she keeps within safe bounds and has fair weather, execute her orders as you do others; but if she becomes infatuated, reason with her like the staunch old friend you are, and if she insists upon some such folly as selling what she hasn't got, sell to *me*. This will keep the unwise business in the family, as it were, and she'll find me an easy creditor. Send for me when you need to talk things over. Truly as ever, FRED.

(Telegram—Brady to Rose, May 7)

X., Q. & Z. selling around 75. Bear pool forming. Hadn't you better get out?

(Telegram—Rose to Brady, same date)

Yes. Close out, and sell 100 short at same figure.

(Telegram—Brady to Rose, May 10)

X., Q. & Z. back to 70. Better be careful.

(Telegram—Rose to Brady, same date)

Cover my short, and buy another 100.

(Ejaculation—Brady solus, same date, not of record)

"Well, I'll be —— —— ——!"

(Brady to Rose)

NEW YORK, May 17.

Dear Miss Andrews: I have advised you by wire of the rise of X., Q. & Z. from day to day, in the hope of getting an order to sell before the crash comes. To-day it has been bobbing around in the higher 90's, and all of us here realize that this sort of thing cannot last long. The whole market is dizzy. Please telegraph me instructions in the morning. Hastily, JOHN BRADY.

(Telegram—Rose to Brady, May 18)

Hold for par. Then sell 1000 short.

(Telegram—Brady to Rose, same date)

Please repeat selling order and spell out amount. Better go slow.

(Telegram—Rose to Brady, same date)

Sell one thousand X., Q. & Z. short at par.

(Brady to Ward)

422 WALL ST, May 18.

Dear Fred: Afraid we're nearing the end. She ordered to-day short sale of 1000 X., Q. & Z. at par. Closed at 99⅝. Probably have to act to-morrow. Run in and see me. Market is greatly excited. Been standing on my head two days. Selling short is dangerous business, even for old hands. She's got it bad. Unless you countermand, shall sell her 1000 to you, as per instructions May 5.

Better come in and talk it over.

JACK.

(Memorandum mailed to Ward)

JOHN BRADY & CO.,

422 Wall Street, New York.

Frederick Ward Esq. May 19, 1901

We have to-day bought for your account and risk

NO. SHARES.	DESCRIPTION.	PRICE.	TERMS.	NAME.
1000	X. Q. & Z.	100	R	J.B. & Co.

Respectfully,

JOHN BRADY & CO.

(Telegram—Rose to Brady, May 20)

Cover my short quickly, at best figure you can get, and buy 100 more.

(Telegram—Brady to Rose, same date)

Too late. Margin entirely wiped out.

(Brady to Ward)

422 WALL STREET, May 22.

Dear Fred: Why *don't* you come in, or send me word what to do with your X., Q. & Z.? Still soaring. Closed at 121⅝. Have heard nothing from you since buying your 1000. Miss Andrews graduated last week. Lesson came high, but worth all it cost, for future reference. Market is feverish. Lots of ugly rumors. Bottom may drop out any moment. Wire me on receipt of this.

JACK.

(Telegram—Brady to Ward, May 24)

Panic in Street. Call money 35, and rising. Half the list thrown overboard. For Heaven's sake, answer my letter.

(Telegram—Ward to Brady)

GIMMIMUNNIBAC, ME., May 24.—Telegram and mail forwarded here just received. Sell me out for what you can get.

Start home by night train.

FREDERICK WARD.

(Telegram—Brady to Ward, same date)

Congratulations. Price touched one thousand. I caught it for you. Great corner in X., Q. & Z. Shorts squeezed to death. Rest of market gone to bow-wows. Street wild. Am writing.

JOHN BRADY.

(Figures from Ward's scratch-pad)

$1000.
1000

$1,000,000

(Rose to Ward)

WASHINGTON, May 25.

Dear Fred: I have been speculating in stocks and have lost everything. I don't mind the money half so much as the thought that I hid my secret from you, who had a right to know it. I am not fit to live!

ROSE.

(Ward to Rose)

Dear Rose: Pray live a *little* longer. You may lose everything else, but you can't lose *me!*

I send you by Haddam's Express a trifling souvenir of my trip to Maine. I should have brought it in person, but your father has not yet repealed his anti-Ward exclusion law. You may show him the contents of your package if you wish.

Yours till * * * * *, FRED.

(Contents of Express Package)

JOHN BRADY & CO. 422 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

No. 1776 NEW YORK, May 26, 1901

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Pay to the order of Frederick Ward

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$1,000,000.00 John Brady & Co.

(Rose to Ward)

You dear, dear boy: Is it all true? Papa hasn't got his eyes back into their sockets yet, and I have to pinch myself to be sure I'm awake.

At first Papa thought it was one of Mr. Brady's practical jokes; but I urged him to telegraph and find out, and an answer came back at once that the check was genuine, and that you had made almost every penny out of the squeeze in X., Q. & Z. That was the corner that ruined me, but I think it was *perfectly splendid for you to make all that money!*

I have locked up the check in Papa's safe, and I don't suppose I shall sleep a wink till you write me what to do with it, and the whole story. I am just *dying* for a long letter. Do write at once, dear, to

Your own * * * * ROSE.

P. S.—Papa has just come in, and made me open this to say that you need not trouble yourself to write, as you must be very tired after your trip. He thinks you had better take a few days off and make us a little visit, as this is a good place to rest. One of the Assistant Secretaries of the Treasury has just resigned, and the President is consulting Papa about filling the place, and he wants to know whether you have any middle name.

(Ward to Rose)

My own little Rosy-Posy: Thank your father for his invitation, and say that I am putting my work in shape to run over to Washington for a week—if that's not too long. Tell him I have no middle name, but remind him that *you* have a *fast* name we're both tired of. Keep the check in the safe till we can open our joint bank account with it, but don't let it lie there too long.

I hope to be able to get down on Saturday, and then you'll hear the whole story.

Your * * * * FRED.

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Men and Women of the Hour

Mr. Choate Didn't Know Her

A very well-known lawyer and his wife were in London this summer, and the wife had to be operated on for appendicitis as soon as she arrived. They were great friends of Mr. Choate, and the Ambassador sent at once to inquire of her condition and kept her room supplied with flowers.

The first day she was able to walk out husband and wife met the Ambassador on the street. Mr. Choate quickly jumped from his hansom and joined them with eager protestations of delight at meeting his friend again.

He warmly shook both the hands of his comrade and asked a dozen questions about his health, his address and his probable stay in London. The wife, who had been standing by waiting for her turn, finally said with a pout, "Why, Mr. Choate, you don't take any notice of me. You haven't spoken a word to me yet. I really believe you have forgotten me."

"My dear madam," said Mr. Choate, "I must confess that I did not recognize you without your appendix."

The Readiness of Stevens

A trait which has always distinguished Mr. Walter B. Stevens, who has been selected as Secretary of the coming St. Louis Exposition, is his trained power of observation, combined with a rare discernment of the philosophic bearings of everything observed.

Mr. Stevens is now about fifty years old, and has been a newspaper man for some thirty years, having begun as a reporter on a St. Louis paper. Since 1885 he has been a newspaper correspondent in Washington, except for intermissions now and then during which he has gone to various parts of the country or to Cuba on important assignments. On one occasion the late Joseph B. McCullagh, editor of the Globe-Democrat, was entertaining some visitors in his office, when the conversation turned upon the difference between men of equal intelligence in this very matter of seeing more than appeared on the surface of common things.

"Why, I have a man in this office," Mr. McCullagh declared, "who can beat the world at such a game. I'll show you what he can do."

He called through a speaking-tube, and Mr. Stevens responded in person.

"Mr. Stevens," said the editor, "I have got to have something to fill about a column and a quarter in to-morrow's paper. I wish you would go out into the street and write up the first thing you come across. Don't stay more than thirty minutes. I need you for another assignment after you are through with this."

At the stroke of the half-hour in walked Stevens with a batch of copy in his hand.

"I haven't quite finished that article," he remarked, "but it will take me but a little while more."

"Oh, very well," said Mr. McCullagh, winking slyly at his guests; "but be as quick as you can about it."

It was not very long before Stevens returned, laid the finished manuscript on his chief's desk, took his further orders and retired, whereupon Mr. McCullagh and his friends examined what he had written.

Mr. Stevens, it seems, had walked as far as the nearest corner, where a new building was in process of erection. Apparently there was nothing to be seen more than one could see in any unfinished building. He was probably the only passer-by who stopped and watched proceedings, and he talked with the contractor on the curbstone about the little dummy which was running up and down by steam, supplying the bricks and mortar to the masons on the upper floors.

His article was a light, but thoughtful, essay on The Passing of the Hod-Carrier.

How Sampson Played Mormon

In addition to his distinguished services as a commander of fleets, Admiral Sampson is a scientist of no mean ability and has won recognition in astronomy, physics and other branches of science. Furthermore, his technical and practical knowledge of mechanics is unusual. He is regarded as one of the most versatile officers in the United States Navy. Frequently at sea he has personally superintended the repair of his battleship's heavy rifles, for he knows his guns from breech to muzzle.

On one occasion when an evening reception was to be held on his vessel, the electric lights, an hour before the expected arrival of guests, began to grow dim, and suddenly went out altogether. To the further consternation of the officers it was discovered that the ship's electrician and chief engineer had both gone ashore. This unhappy state of things was communicated to the Admiral.

"Matters may not be so dark as you paint them," said he to his Lieutenants; and divesting himself of his glittering full dress he donned a seaman's working-clothes and groped his way to the dynamo. Over this he worked patiently, gave a few orders, made some adjustments and within twenty minutes the lights gleamed again, and the Admiral, begrimed and dripping with oil, returned to his cabin. He washed himself, resumed his full-dress uniform, and was ready in time to receive his company.

It is difficult for students of astronomy to associate William T. Sampson, the scientist, with Admiral Sampson, the fighter of battles. In 1878 he made elaborate studies of the spectrum of the corona of the solar eclipse.

The Admiral is not given to exploiting his achievements at sea or in the heavens, but he is not averse to talking about his boyhood and what he might have become if a friendly Congressman had not secured him a cadetship at Annapolis. The Admiral was born on the celebrated Mormon Hill Farm near Palmyra, Wayne County, New York, so called because Joseph Smith, obedient to the "revelations" of an angel which he claimed had appeared to him in a vision, went, so runs the legend, to the hill on the farm a few years later purchased by the Admiral's father, and there excavated the golden plates whereon were graven the creed and commandments of the Latter-Day Saints. Two transparent stones, rimmed with silver, and called by Smith the Urim and Thummim, were, it was claimed, found with these tablets. Through these stones the ancient record, written in forgotten hieroglyphics, became intelligible, according to the belief of that sect.

Admiral Sampson, in his boyhood, frequently explored the cave on Mormon Hill, in his father's pastures. The Admiral had more faith in the tradition of the golden plates in his early years than he has now.

But the caves were there, and they exerted, he says, a great influence upon his credulous imagination. It was a favorite game among the boys of the neighborhood to follow the lad Sampson to the mysterious grotto. Being the son of the owner of their Mecca, he was unanimously regarded as their seer and leader. Carving cabalistic signs on the edge of their sacred cavern they would enter and set sturdily to work, digging. With exclamations of joy the leader would presently pretend to unearth a latter-day decalogue. Then bearing the venerated relic aloft (it was usually, the Admiral says, a big clod or a field stone) the boy would lead the faithful to the brow of the hill, and there, as their prophet, would read the revelation. It was all quite solemn, but the boys relished the rites and mysteries hugely. The Admiral has remarked jocularly that he might have become the founder of a religion had he not entered the Navy.

Opie Read's Telephone Story

Discussions and stories of a linguistic character have a peculiar charm for Mr. Opie Read. Recently he was surrounded by a group of newspaper men. One of these confessed that he had lately taken up the study of the Russian tongue, with very discouraging results, considering the fact that French, Spanish and Italian had been comparatively easy for him.

"Oh! that's not strange," consolingly remarked the story writer; "the Chicago Telephone Company had a worse experience than that with the terrors of the Slav tongue. A druggist in the heart of the Russian colony recently had a telephone instrument installed in his place for the accommodation of his patrons. The minute the first user of the 'phone began to talk Russian into the receiver the wire kinked into small knots like a tensely twisted string. They couldn't do a thing to meet the emergency until one of the telephone linemen, who had once attempted to do missionary work in a Russian settlement in Minnesota, replaced the smooth insulated copper strand with the ordinary barb wire. That jagged medium proved a perfect means of transmission for Russian speech."

Joaquin Miller's Bay-Window

Friends of Mr. Joaquin Miller will welcome the report of his impending wealth. It seems that in part payment for his services as lecturer in the Lone Star State he accepted several hundred acres of low-priced prairie land, and now it is said that his holdings are in the oil-well region and may make him a heavy capitalist. A millionaire poet will be a novelty, and Mr. Miller, in his quaint originality, may be able to give these fountains of petroleum honored distinction with the waters of Hippocrene.

Although the Poet of the Sierras is far from being a business man, he has been fortunate in getting good prices for his literary work. His experiences in journalism have also been profitable. When he announced his intention to brave the terrors of an overland trip to the Klondike through the Chilkoot Pass, several large dailies bid for his services as correspondent. He finally made a contract with one, the stipulation being that he should be paid seventy-five dollars the thousand words for "everything sent by him from the Arctic."

In due season great bundles of manuscript drifted out of the land of snows to the newspaper office. But then a most perplexing difficulty arose—not a copy-reader in the establishment could decipher, or, more properly speaking, translate, his hieroglyphic pages, for the poet's manuscript is even more inscrutable than was Greeley's. The paper had advertised these forthcoming letters and good faith required their publication. Moreover, the contract bound the publishers to pay for all matter sent by the poet, regardless of what disposition they might make of it.

Diligent search brought to light another Western bard who had in some inexplicable manner been initiated into the mysteries of Miller's cabalistic scrawl. Him the editor seized upon, offering remuneration at almost his own terms for reducing the baffling manuscript to intelligible copy. Thus two poets were enriched by the Klondike craze, while the editor, it was said, raved no less disturbingly than the frontier characters that the Miller letters described.

Mr. Miller owns an eyrie of a home among the crags of the Contra Costa hills, overlooking San Francisco, the Golden Gate and the great harbor.

"How does one get to your place?" wrote a traveler.

"Climb," replied Miller—"climb as if climbing for the North Star."

Seven gates, all of them padlocked, at one time guarded the steep road to his hillside hermitage. His instructions were to open the way only to visitors who could prove their claim to friendly acquaintance with him, but the pressure of admiring tourists became so great that the barriers were removed.

The poet is opposed to idle chatter, and in order that his employees shall not waste time in vain talk he employs foreigners who can speak no common tongue.

Groves of olive trees struggle among the boulders on his hillsides, and a wealthy visitor asked in astonishment: "Will olives pay here?"

"While you asked that question," retorted the poet, "the chain that binds you to the Golden Calf was heard to rattle on my stony steps. Pay? In every breath of wind that flutters through their branches I am paid—paid in imperishable gold and silver. Look," he continued, softening his asperity, "look at the color of their leaves—the color of a dove's wing, as if the dove and the olive branch had kept company since the deluge."

Among his flowers was a rare and radiant rosebush which with great tenderness he had been several years in cultivating. It had won local fame for its unusual loveliness even in a land of roses. A lady visitor admired it boundlessly. "I would dearly love one of those roses," she said, "but it's like tearing a page from your volume of song to despoil that incomparable bush even of one of its many treasures."

Her speech pleased the poet, and whipping out a formidable pruning-knife he severed the stalk at a blow and handed the entire bush, with its half-hundred or more roses, to the astonished, embarrassed, but delighted guest.

The poet's humor is sometimes curious. On his precipitous farm is a barn with a bay-window. When visitors ask why he built such a window, the poet solemnly replies: "To match my bay mare."

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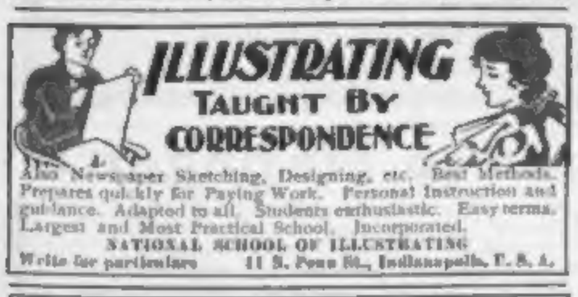

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Literary Folk—Their Ways *and* Their Work

An Old-Time Romance

Lovers of pure romance, one is tempted to say romantic romance, will be pleased with Mr. Gibbs' story of the olden days—the days when there was frankly a joy in the passions of life, a more open and distinctly more picturesque yielding to the delights of love, war and revenge; when there was literally a new world opened to the adventurous of spirit; when a trip across the ocean to America was a matter of uncertain months, uncertain landing and worse than uncertain reception. All this Mr. Gibbs makes one realize in his In Search of Mademoiselle *(Henry T. Coates & Co.)*, and more, for he inoculates one with that fever of adventure which possessed the world in the sixteenth century, and one sighs with Alexander that there are no more worlds to conquer—for one cannot quite yet feel that Mr. H. G. Wells' worlds are really to be explored by the ordinary mortal.

Mr. Gibbs, whose profession it is to see pictures in the words of other men and to produce them, as he says in a short preface, has also seen pictures in the early days of America and has successfully produced them in words of his own. He has chosen an exciting and picturesque incident in the history of America—the attempted French Huguenot settlement in Florida, its complete rout and the bloody massacre by the Spaniards in 1564, and the subsequent revenge by the French for this cruel and treacherous action.

The main characters are, perhaps wisely (for it needs more of a master hand than most writers of historical romance possess to make a great figure of history satisfactorily alive), not historic persons, but lesser men serving under them. One looking for subtle character drawing, introspection, analysis, or "problems" should not undertake this book; for the author frankly has nothing to do with such things. He gives one an exciting story of love and adventure, with a good old-fashioned as well as newly revived sort of hero—one who is irresistible in love and war; who pursues the lovely heroine, properly above him in station, through thick and thin, across the seas, into hostile camps and Indian settlements; who gallantly defies the villain (a good old-fashioned one he is, too); and, after many hairbreadth escapes, finds the heroine ready to fall into his arms, humble, yielding; and "they live happily ever after."

This is not a giving away of the plot to spoil the reader's pleasure, for the author tells you the same thing on the second page—and even if he did not, every well-conducted romantic novel is alike in this respect. The interest lies in the kinds of adventure which the hero survives and in the number of "nicks of time" he is saved in. There is more or less of Admiral Coligny; and a few other real persons appear, among them Charles IX of France, who is made older than he really was at that time, but it is a pleasant scene in which he appears. One keeps one's bearings by references to Queen Elizabeth.

Although the characters are somewhat conventional, what they do and say (except that the Indians talk that absurd gibberish that never was on sea or land) is diverting. And the pictures of the times are vivid and make the book worth while. —*Herbert Copeland.*

Short Stories of a New Kind

I frankly admit that I am no book-reviewer. I have none of the earmarks of the trade. I can't perform any of their dazzling feats. For instance, I cannot review a book without reading it. I plod through every page—only in Understudies *(by Mary E. Wilkins: Harper & Brothers)* the plod quickened into a gallop. I cannot start my pen to writing a review and then go away and forget it and come back to find the review all written. It never occurs to me to say of an author's fifth novel: "As a first venture it shows much promise," or, "Though it will add nothing to the author's fame, it will at least not detract from it." And, most fatal of all, I do not hate books of short stories. I often prefer them to novels.

No, I am not a book-reviewer, nor would I be vain enough to call myself a critic.

But it is not arrogance to declare myself an Appreciative Reader—one of the great Common Herd, whom an author meets occasionally in the Long Run; one of the sort who often write to the author to tell him how delightful his book proved, and who do not always inclose manuscript for the unhappy author's opinion.

In St. Petersburg, at the Hermitage, there are scores upon scores of glass cabinets filled with cameos—deliciously tinted in creams, pale pinks and soft browns—before each case of which one could stand for hours and never tire. I have the same feeling when reading this book of cameo Understudies. It is not a book to be borrowed from a friend, nor one to be taken from a library, read and returned. It is a book to buy, and when bought and read, to be laid on the corner of the table under the lamp, so that one can snatch it up for an odd quarter of an hour and take a cameo into one's palm to fix its old beauties and to discover its new ones.

The very idea of taking men and women as types of animals and flowers is in itself a stroke of genius, and particularly to use in this way the New England character. There the types have become fixed. Nothing is loose and shifting about *them*. Even if the Puritan moves to the equator, he takes his fixedness with him. He remains New Hampshire or Maine to the end, and so, distinct, established, stationary, he poses well, he "holds still" for ages while the author transfers him to paper. Only lovable when understood—what does not the New England character owe to Mary Wilkins' translation of it into the common tongue? I admit that I am tolerably intelligent, and only one generation in ancestry removed from Bangor, Maine, yet I do not, cannot and never expect to comprehend the reserve, suspicion, conservatism, narrowness, timidity, shyness, repression and several other words that I can't think of, of the Puritan character, while by instinct I hold heart-to-heart talks with every negro I see. And as I belong to the Common Herd there must be many more to whom this character is similarly incomprehensible. What a triumph, then, when Mary Wilkins makes us all love them in her pages, and even imagine that we understand them.

Take the story called The Cat. I have already read that one four times and snivveled over it, and I shall read it at least five times more—one for each of his lives. The pathos in the types of the forsaken cat and the outcast man, and their beautiful friendship for each other! And oh, *who* has not met The Prince's Feather—that type of the unspeakable Ego, whom no misfortune, no snub, no reverse, no unhappiness of those who love him, can prick or touch—in short, the man under thirty-five!

All you who love The Best—read Mary Wilkins' Understudies! —*Lilian Bell.*

Some of the New Books

JOSCELYN CHESHIRE: *Sara Beaumont Kennedy.* Doubleday, Page & Co.

THE GOOD RED EARTH: *Eden Phillpotts.* Doubleday, Page & Co.

THE WILDERNESS ROAD: *Joseph A. Altsheler.* D. Appleton & Co.

THE WOMAN'S BOOK OF SPORTS: *J. Parmly Paret.* D. Appleton & Co.

SIRIUS: *Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler.* D. Appleton & Co.

THE IMPROVEMENT OF TOWNS AND CITIES: *Charles Mulford Robinson.* G. P. Putnam's Sons.

THE GOD OF HIS FATHERS: *Jack London.* McClure, Phillips & Co.

VALENCIA'S GARDEN: *Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield.* McClure, Phillips & Co.

WHAT WE KNOW ABOUT GENESIS IN THE LIGHT OF MODERN SCIENCE: *Rev. Elwood C. Worcester.* McClure, Phillips & Co.

FIVE YEARS OF MY LIFE: *Alfred Dreyfus.* McClure, Phillips & Co.

THE CRUISE OF THE PETREL: *T. Jenkins Hains.* McClure, Phillips & Co.

EVERY ONE HIS OWN WAY: *Edith Wyatt.* McClure, Phillips & Co.

THE CHILDREN OF THE NATIONS: *Poultney Bigelow.* McClure, Phillips & Co.

THE LOVERS OF THE WOODS: *W. H. Boardman.* McClure, Phillips & Co.

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PRACTICAL GOLF: *Walter J. Travis.* Harper & Brothers.

FLY-RODS AND FLY-TACKLE: *Henry P. Wells.* Harper & Brothers.

ORATIONS AND ESSAYS OF EDWARD JOHN PHELPS, LL. D.: *Edited by J. G. McCullough.* Harper & Brothers.

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How Birds Talk

By René Bache

THAT birds and fowls are able to talk, and to make themselves understood by each other, is a fact sufficiently obvious. Yet their conversational powers are considered more or less mysterious, very little being known on the subject. Few persons have thought it worth while to study the matter, which, from the viewpoint of the student of Nature, may fairly be regarded as of more than ordinary interest.

There is a scientist attached to the Smithsonian Institution, Mr. Nelson R. Wood, who has made the language of birds a lifelong study. Not only is he able to understand a good deal that birds say, but he can talk to many feathered creatures so as to make himself understood by them. He says that some birds possess quite an extended vocabulary; but he adds that it would be a mistake to credit them with anything corresponding to articulate speech, or to suppose that they are able to sit down and converse with one another in the ordinary sense of the word.

The lower animals are called "dumb" animals chiefly because we are not able to understand what they say. Often, as in the case of a dog, they know our language vastly better than we know theirs—a fact which casts a serious reflection upon the vaunted superiority of our own intelligence. As for birds and fowls (which, generally speaking, are far more clever than we give them credit for being), their vocal sounds are intended almost wholly to express their wants and emotions.

Feathered species differ very much in their talking powers. The perching birds, as a rule, have but a small vocabulary, whereas the widest range of speech is found in chickens and turkeys—very likely because they have so many enemies, and must be able to utter warning notes, both to each other and to their young.

The Conversational Turkey

The turkey has a note which signifies immediate danger overhead, and this is different from the sharp and rapid call that means imminent peril from something on the ground, as a rat, for example. A hawk seen in the distance calls forth yet another cry. A fourth note is of defiance, a fifth of pain, and a sixth of complaint or remonstrance (as when the turkey is being driven). When feeding in an open meadow a call is uttered different from that voiced in high grass or bushes, where the flock is to be kept together. There is a summons to call together scattered members of the flock; a social note, in a manner conversational, is also peculiar; and at night the turkeys on guard have a special signal.

The vocabulary of chickens, according to Mr. Wood, is really quite extensive, though many of their notes, possessing different meanings, are so much alike that the untrained observer cannot tell them apart. Those used for hushing the young to sleep, and for warning, are closely similar. Most people will be surprised to learn that the every-day hen has three distinct songs. One of them she utters while seeking her nest to lay; another is a call to her mate when she is separated from him; and a third appears to signify mere abstraction—a crooning to herself while, perhaps, she is hunting for food.

The rooster has a song of his own, though few persons have ever heard it. He uses it only occasionally. It is a low, fine whistling, and he will utter it sometimes on a dark day when going to roost, or when resting in a corner by himself.

A Rooster's Angry Words

There is a lot of interesting material for study in the way two cocks oppose each other in rivalry. One of them, let us say, stands erect, gives a defiant chuckle, and drops one wing. This means fight. If the adversary lowers his tail, draws his wings up over his back, raises the feathers behind his comb slightly, and begins to sing like a hen, the indication is of meekness and fear, and presently he will retreat, avoiding a combat. The fighting rooster utters a short, sharp note.

The parrot has quite an extensive vocabulary in its native forest. As might be supposed, when it has escaped from captivity it does not forget what it learned while a prisoner, and parrots released from bondage have frequently been heard talking to their wild companions in civilized human language.

The parrot ranks high in the scale of intelligence, and unquestionably understands the meaning of some of the words it utters. Mr. Wood once knew a polly that said "Good-morning" early in the day, "Good-by" at noon, and "Good-night" in the evening. It never made a mistake in these salutations nor mixed them up. Its accuracy in this regard could only be explained on the supposition that it understood the meaning of the words and had a notion of the time of day.

This parrot lived next door to a house that had a squeaky gate. Long after the gate was mended, so that it squeaked no longer, Polly would utter a squeak in imitation of the familiar sound every time it saw the lady who occupied the dwelling cross the road in its direction. Stories of this kind might be multiplied without number, going to show that parrots connect with ideas the vocal sounds which they utter.

The crow knows that a man with a gun is dangerous, and, on seeing him, it will utter a note of alarm. Another note is of intense fear and warning to the young, as if to say: "Keep still and hide!" A third cry is of affection for the young, for each other, or for the bird's owner. The crow is one of the most affectionate of birds, and when tamed shows many signs of love for its master. One of its notes is a guttural mixture of gabbling sounds, uttered perhaps when it is sitting on a branch in the woods, and apparently indicating a bubbling-over of good spirits.

If a crow sitting on a tree-branch sees other crows passing overhead it salutes them with a note that has a rising inflection; the passing crows reply with a note that has a falling inflection. One thing that birds of this kind are much afraid of is a dead crow; they think that something must have killed it, and are afraid to come near lest a like fate befall themselves.

The Crow that was a Coaster

A pet crow, when confined to a cage, used to spend hours in coasting down a small inclined plank, using the top of a mustard-can for a sled. He would carry the sled up to the top of the plank, step into it, and slide to the bottom, repeating the performance again and again with the greatest glee.

Canaries are not specially good talkers, yet they have a great deal more to say for themselves than most people suppose. They have three distinct songs—one addressed to the mate, another signifying anger, and a third to indicate pleasure. If a female be taken away from her spouse, the latter will sing madly and persistently, but it is a sign of distress and not of cheerfulness. Then there is the companionship note, as it might be called—a "twit, twit" of contentment—uttered as the canaries hop from perch to perch. A low cry of warning is given when something flashes past the window or flies overhead. Again, there is a note of calling to each other, or to the owner. Very affectionate birds are canaries, though they have many family quarrels.

Though "the voice of the turtle" is familiar in classical literature, neither turtledoves nor other kinds of pigeons are good talkers. They are not very intelligent, indeed, as birds go, and they have few notes. There is a note of mourning, another to call the mate to the nest, and a sort of "coo" which by a slight variation is made to indicate either anger or pleasure.

"The farmyard," says Mr. Wood, "is the place to study the talk of feathered creatures, and if you wish to understand something about it, the best thing to do is to associate familiarly with the chickens and the turkeys that are the every-day companions of human beings."

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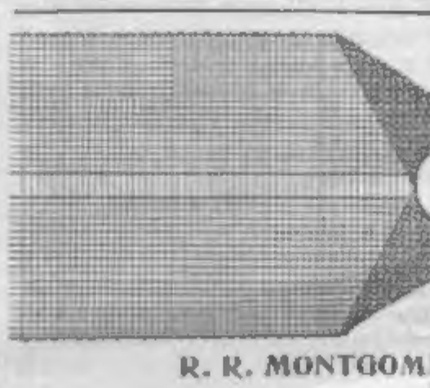

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